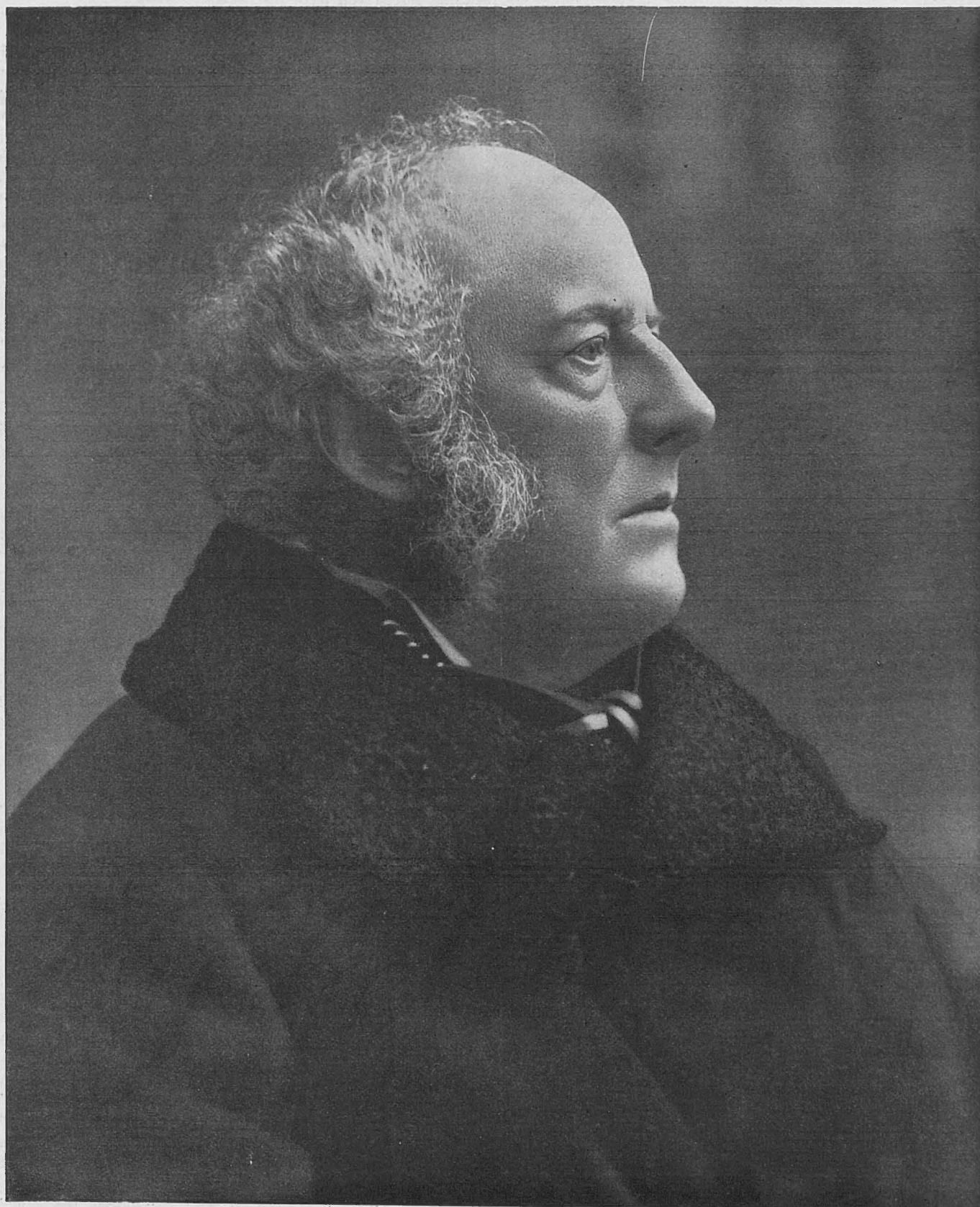




No. 161.—VOL. XIII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1896.

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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FEBRUARY 18, 1896, BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

It was not without shrewdness that a French writer said every Englishman was mad once in the twenty-four hours, and suicide was the god of our country. In this judgment he was in a measure anticipated by Shakspeare—who has not been anticipated by Shakspeare?—for does not the First Gravedigger remark that Hamlet's madness will not be seen in England? "There the men are as mad as he." Just now it is thought that only the dogs are mad, or in danger of losing their wits; and there is much to do about the enforcement of a muzzling order. A certain asylum at Battersea is overcrowded with canine vagrants, helpless, bewildered, clamorous; stout policemen may be seen in chase of four-footed outlaws; old ladies, whose pets, with marvellous sagacity, take off the muzzles and hang them on the garden railings, are indignant that this achievement is resented by the authorities, instead of being crowned with laurel by the *Spectator*; and all because the bipeds who manage our affairs choose to disguise their own aberrations by treating every dog as a possible maniac. "There the men"—not the dogs, mind you—"are as mad as he." I commend this to any commentator who would like to prove his learning and acuteness by showing that Shakspeare, out of the mouth of the First Gravedigger, passed a comprehensive judgment on the scattered wits of these islands.

This theory is not so fantastic when you consider that throughout the winter we have had about six hours of sunshine. For the last two months the sun has virtually withheld his countenance from the luckless denizens of this city; we have lived by day under a yellow pall masquerading as the heavens, from which droppeth the gentle soot; and laundresses have made hay without the help of sunshine, for no collar has been able to face the daylight and preserve its self-esteem for an hour. What profits it to understand the merits of a spotless shirt, as Tennyson said, if half the little soul be dirt? Yes, the grime of this sunless climate has penetrated to the recesses of our being; soot has clogged the spirit, and enfolded conscience as with a garment. If you could go deep down to the roots of crime, you would not find them embedded in the "penny dreadful," which some philosophers regard as the soil of evil; you would see them ramifying where no beam from heaven ever falls, where the steady downpour of soot fertilises everything malign. Here, in this abysmal gloom, don't you hear the cry of the idiot boy in Ibsen, "Mother, give me the sun"? Without it, we crawl about with unstable reason, every man looking into his neighbour's face with an inquiring stare, as if he saw a haggard reflection of his own foreboding. And still the canopy above us is a yellow counterfeit of the sky, and still the soot comes down; and we muzzle all the dogs to stave off the general madness!

I know this is not a nightmare, for the manner of some of my friends is distinctly strange. One of them, whom I have hitherto regarded as that rarity, a metaphysician with a clear head, has taken to propounding conundrums about the income-tax. He looks at me with a glittering eye, when we meet in the street, and says, "Do you know how to reduce the income-tax by one half?" I suggest various unlikely conditions—a gigantic surplus, a benignant Chancellor of the Exchequer, a charitable distribution of the currency. "No," says he, "you haven't hit it at all. Let every man pay his income-tax in full, and the Government will be able to reduce the incubus to fourpence." He goes on like this indefinitely, with figures, till I have a vision of those remorseful letters of the alphabet, which send conscience-money to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, holding a secret meeting, and passing a resolution to pay their income-tax regularly and fully for evermore. I escape with a reeling brain, only to stumble across Judson. "I am taking a little walk," he explains. "The office is a perfect kennel. People imagine that the dog-licence department is responsible for the muzzling order, and they bring dogs by dozens to show me that the beasts can't possibly wear muzzles. Why, sir, I have just torn myself away from an old woman who begged me to keep her wretched brute till the order is withdrawn. She couldn't afford a muzzle, she said, and I had a nice face, and she was sure I should be kind to her William." "William?" "The cur's name—a sandy-haired mongrel with one eye!"

"Ah!" I said, glancing up at the yellow sham over our heads, "she, too, wants the blessed sun!" "Sun? Pooh!" said Judson, "I tell you that if I didn't earn a Government salary out of dogs, and if I didn't expect a decent pension from dogs, I'd like to see them dead in heaps—hecatombs!" He flourished his arm over the expanse of Trafalgar Square. "I have just had a row with Ada Sonning, all through sending her a confounded muzzle!" "What! My dear Judson, you

don't mean to say the order applies to charming—?" "Don't be an idiot! I tell you she has a dog, a regular vixen, and I sent it a muzzle, and Ada has written to say she will not speak to me again, and encloses this." He handed me a slip of paper, on which was an excellent caricature of himself in a muzzle, with this inscription: "Miss Cordelia"—"the beast's name," growled Judson—"presents her compliments to Mr. Judson, and thinks the muzzle is better suited to his style of beauty." "You'll scarcely credit it, but I gave her that dog. Heavens!" exclaimed Judson, invoking the yellowness overhead, "what a fuss women make about their infernal animals! This isn't the first row with Ada over a dog. On the hundredth night of 'The Cask of Amontillado,' Rowland Smeke's famous adaptation of Poe—I suppose you'll say you never saw it! Where has he been brought up?" This was addressed to an impassive lion in the Square. "A rattling melodrama, sir! You should have seen Ada in the cellar, bursting the bars of the cage in which her lover had been left by the villain to perish. Not exactly Poe, you know, but much more effective. By Jove, sir, the Adelphi never had such a pit and gallery as during the run of that piece! Well, on the hundredth night, I left the beast in a hamper at the stage-door, and I had a very different sort of letter from the insulting screed you have just read."

"There must have been a summer sun!" I murmured. "Hang it, man, don't keep on raving about the sun!" said Judson. "Well, I packed that hamper with care. There was the dog, of course, and a new collar, and a lot of dog-biscuits, and a year's licence. Thoughtful, eh? Bless you, it was all thrown away!" "But you said you had a charming letter." "Yes, my boy, that was in the first flush of Ada's enthusiasm. But, you see, the dog didn't come up to expectations. I didn't know much about dogs in those days, and I had consulted a sporting friend, who rubbed his chin and said, 'Ah! what you want is a young dog, and young dogs are expensive in the market. You had better look up some family coachman who breeds dogs down a mews in a quiet way.' I kept an eye on family coachmen for a fortnight, and one day I followed an old boy with white hair into his stable-yard, and asked him if he had any dogs. What sort of dog might I be wanting? A young dog? He had a little fox-terrier, just out of its mother's arms, and that full of spirits he wondered how its body held 'em. He opened a stable-door, and out rushed a troop of dogs, with this paragon of a fox-terrier as sportive as any. Well, for a high-bred, very young dog like that, he couldn't take less than five pounds, and then he was giving it away. He rubbed his chin, and wagged his head, and seemed to think he was bringing a slur on the family coach. So I closed with him at once; and would you believe it? Next day, I had a frantic note from Ada; something was the matter with Orlando—she called him Orlando because she was going to play Rosalind the following season—and I was to come instantly and explain.

"I found the young Orlando asleep on an embroidered cushion, and Rosalind wringing her hands over his heedless form. 'He won't wake up,' she wailed. 'He won't eat! What have you done to him?' Why, sir, I might have been a malefactor, caught in the act of poisoning Orlando with his licence! 'Oh, come,' I said; 'he was all right yesterday, when I saw him frisking about in the mews. Hi! Orlando! Rats!' You should have seen the look the beast gave me out of the corner of his eye. He got up from the cushion, staggered across the room, crawled under the sofa, and died!" "My dear Judson, no doubt he had overeaten himself with biscuit in the hamper." "Biscuit, indeed!" said Judson grimly. "I sent for a vet., sir, and he said at once that the young Orlando had simply died of old age. That coachman with the white hair had sold me a senile terrier as old as himself! What sort of a corner do you suppose is reserved for family coachmen in another world? As for Ada, she went on like anything. Was it a heartless joke on my part? What was the good of being in the dog-licence office of the Inland Revenue if I didn't know a puppy from a dotard? I assure you that I avoided the subject of dogs with Ada for a long while, till ill-luck threw me in the way of Cordelia. She's a beautiful dog; the only drawback is that she always tries to bite me! When the order was issued, I thought here was an excellent opportunity to keep the little devil's jaws from nipping my calves, at any rate in public. So I sent a nice new muzzle, with a careful explanation of the law, and here's another row! Well, I hope Ada will get a summons; a pretty figure she'll cut before the beak!" "She will, Judson," I said. "A saint in her injuries, she'll move the court to tears." "By Jove, I shouldn't be surprised," he assented cheerfully. "It may be one of her most successful parts. I'll get a seat on the bench." "If we have not all committed suicide before then!" "Suicide!" "Yes; there's no sun." "Bother the sun!" cried Judson. "You've got it on the brain!" Alack! would it were so!

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CONTENTS FOR MARCH 1896.

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The Canadian wag says that Quebec, the ancient capital of Canada, sleeps all the summer and wakes up when the frost comes. It has certainly been very much awake of late with its winter carnival. Every-one, old and young, rich and poor, has been taking part in the fun, and the quaint streets of the quaint, mediæval city rang with merriment. From New York and Boston, as well as from nearer Montreal, visitors have crowded in to join in masquerades, processions, tandem-club drives, concerts, curling, skating, tobogganing, snoeshoeing, the grand carnival drive, and, above all, the attack on the Ice-Palace. Every odd and fantastic device that ingenuity could suggest added to the novelty of each day's proceedings, among them a car drawn by sixteen horses dressed in pantaloons, a Huron Indian camp, full of painted, shrieking red men, and a gorgeous railway-car surrounded by laughing devils. Of course, everybody in Quebec who was anybody was there, though the royal bereavement compelled Lord and Lady Aberdeen to break their engagement. The Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Chapleau, a silver-tongued French-Canadian orator, opened the Ice Fort, and when Madame Albani, returning to the neighbourhood of her early home, arrived at the station, she found ten thousand cheering holiday-makers awaiting her, and her four-horse sleigh had an escort to the Château Frontenac which queens might envy.

But though etiquette forbade the appearance of the Governor-General at Quebec, there have been great festivities at Ottawa, the capital. Dinner-party succeeded dinner-party, each carried out with the precision of a State function. The presence of a loyal Scot in the Viceregal chair is signalled by the entry at dessert of the Viceregal piper in full uniform. He marches thrice round the table, piping his loudest the while, and then stands behind her Excellency's chair till the ladies leave. That five minutes of shrill piping is a trying time for guests who do not happen to hail from north of the Tweed. Among outdoor sports at Government House, the Norwegian *ski* is beginning to rival even tobogganing.

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Messrs. John Lavery, painter, Glasgow; William Grant Stevenson, sculptor, Edinburgh; Hippolyte J. Blanc, architect, Edinburgh; William Leiper, architect, Glasgow; and John Honeyman, architect, Glasgow, have been elected Royal Scottish Academicians. Mr. Lavery was born in Belfast in 1857, but when a youth he went to Glasgow and devoted himself to art. He spent some time in Paris under Bouguereau and Fleury, and returned in 1881 to Glasgow, where he has since remained. He gained the medal at Paris in 1888 with his famous tennis picture. Mr. Hippolyte J. Blanc has identified himself with the restoration of some historical bits of Edinburgh.

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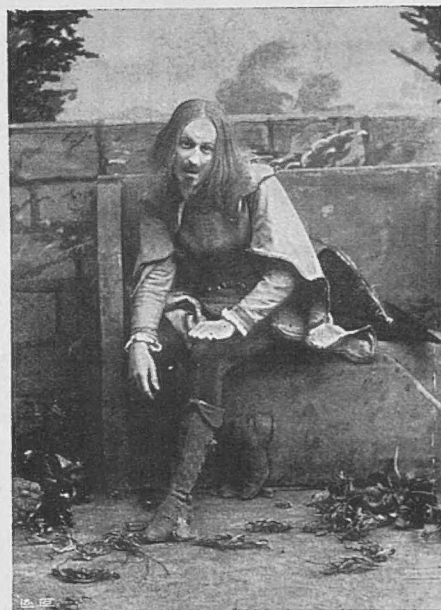
MR. P. LEE AS SIR HUGH EVANS.



MRS. H. W. RUTTY AS MISTRESS PAGE.



MR. J. HEARN AS SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.



MR. C. CROKER-KING AS SLENDER.



MR. P. A. RUBENS AS SHALLOW.



VISCOUNT SUIRDALE AS HOST OF THE GARTER INN.



MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE AS ANNE PAGE.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS, P.R.A.

When Lord Leighton died, many names were mentioned as his possible successor; but, in his heart, everybody knew that there lived but one heir to "our dear president, our admirable Leighton." Sir John Millais' career stretches back through the century like the tail of some refulgent comet in a cloudy sky. He has ranged through pictorial art, and succeeded in every destiny he cared to shape for himself. Weak men lose their personality, fritter away their individuality, in schools to which they affiliate themselves. Millais absorbed just those things that fed the fire of his talent, and then passed on to other victories. Unlike Rossetti, unlike Burne-Jones, unlike Sargent, it has been his happy fate to win the large applause of painters, critics, men in the street, the women in the home, and children in the nursery. As a painter of children, of love-scenes, of landscapes, of romance, reproductions of his work have found their way to every wall. Distribute up his pictures into lots, and you could make the reputations of half-a-dozen men. To one "The Carpenter's Shop," to another "The Huguenot," to a third the "Ophelia," to a fourth "The Eve of St. Agnes," to a fifth "Chill October," to a sixth "Bubbles," to a seventh "Cherry Ripe." And when all these had been allocated, there would be enough and to spare to make the reputation of a new President. Moreover, he is a hearty, honest, bluff Englishman, who loves his work, works at it as if he were an apprentice, and, when it is over, cares for nothing so much as a good, full day's sport. He is a fisherman among fishermen, and he is a patriot to the backbone. "Three hours' sunshine in Scotland," he once said, "is worth three months' sunshine at Cairo." He was never a



SIR J. E. MILLAIS' HOUSE.—F. G. KITTON.

great talker, but when he does speak it is always to the point. "That little thing," he once said, referring to one of his own delightful child-portraits, "must be done swiftly, or not at all; it has to be blown upon the canvas, as it were."

He has been a great worker. The catalogue of his pictures is enormous; but, then, he began so very early. At the age of eight, his mother brought the little fellow to London to consult Sir Martin Shee, the President of that day, as to the advisability of making her son an artist. "Um! better make him a chimney-sweep," growled Sir Martin, who was in a bad humour that day. But he changed his tone when he examined the boy's portfolio of sketches, and told Mrs. Millais that it was her duty to make the boy an artist. He won a medal for drawing at the Society of Arts when he was nine, and at eleven he was admitted to the Academy Schools. Before he was eighteen he was a regular and honoured exhibitor at the Academy, and could produce such work as "The Carpenter's Shop." Then followed the day when he became the shining light of that little body of talented artists who wrought "in sad sincerity" beneath the chaste banner of pre-Raphaelitism. He was made an Associate of the Royal Academy at the age of twenty-four, and just thirty-three years ago he became a full Royal Academician. His works of those days and since rise before the eye in splendid procession, and when, the other night, the crowning laurel of the career of art was conferred upon him, there were no hands but gladly and with pride applauded the choice.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Austin should have a fair reading, though he has been made Poet Laureate over the heads of his betters. "England's Darling" (Macmillan) is in danger of being much worse received, if more widely read, than it would have been a year ago. An unnaturally fierce light is cast upon it, which it cannot stand. Of course, Mr. Austin, the journalist-patriot, is partly to blame; but the poet in him, a shrinking, rustic personage, is not. Unfortunately, the poet did not choose the

subject, nor write the preface. "The fond partiality of childhood"—for the story of the burnt cakes—we have all shared, but we may be grateful we had no poets within us to be urged forward to an unwilling, unfitting task of expressing that very ordinary partiality in metre. The poet made good his escape very soon, however. The respectable patriot did not perhaps see when the poet was shrinking, or maybe he was even a little glad to fill up the gaps himself, with heavy speeches to the Witenagemot, fatherly advice to the Atheling, and amiable conceptions of the mild surrender of the Danes—surely the weakest ruffians that ever were slandered by bad historians for the easy credit of English arms. Meanwhile, the poet goes his own way, which is not very far, but along a pleasant path enough. He has no taste for the sham fight, the playing at patriotic councils, or at conquest with wooden swords, and the posing of quiet, respectable folks as rowdy soldiers. For in him

As in these springtime saplings of the glade,
Floweth the mead of heedless wantonness,
That will not take life gravely.

The love-story of Edward and Edgiva is more to his mind, and a pretty thing he makes of it, though the lovers' botanical knowledge is more obtrusively exhibited than would have been the case with the children of another Alfred.

Now that "England's Darling" is in print, Mr. Austin probably sees the severing of the paths of the journalist-patriot and the poet just as clearly as anyone else. And since he has paid his lawing for the honour done to him, perhaps he will henceforth be content to follow the will of the simple country poet that is in him, and, if he carry no history manual or notes for patriotic speech in his hand to stifle that modest personage, he will be none the worse a laureate for us whom he is good enough to call "a romantic, resolute, and invincible people."

Admirers of the fine rhetoric of "The Purple East," even those who think "rhetoric," however respectfully uttered, an insolent term in this connection, must have been specially struck with the sonorous dignity of the preface in prose. There is in Mr. Watson, assuredly, the making of a fine prose-writer. He might do far more than fulfil the promise of his published critical essays. Not all the poets have had the double art, but nearly all those whom Mr. Watson, in his characteristic moods, reminds us of in sense and sound—the rhetorical, the didactic, and the lucid ones—could use the other medium nobly. Milton could, Dryden could, Wordsworth could. We want some prose of that kind now, clear, sonorous, oratorical. It would tell admirably at this moment among all the light, vivacious, capricious styles in vogue to-day. Mr. Watson's poetical career should be diversified by one or two fine prose efforts; and whether in serious criticism or in political diatribe, they would certainly make their mark.

Professor Saintsbury's "History of Nineteenth-Century Literature" has been published by Messrs. Macmillan. Such a book is sure to have many critics. Everybody knows something about the subject, and everybody thinks he has a right to have his opinion upon it. One may often differ from Mr. Saintsbury, and it is not agreeable to differ from him, for there is something in his manner which suggests superior wisdom. It is sufficient to say that his new book is on a level with his previous critical works, not above them and not below them. For my part, I prefer Mr. Saintsbury in long essays, where he has time to explain himself. He is not conciliatory in his brief verdicts. These he delivers in as angular and dogmatic a way as possible; but, when he has space, he often gives good reasons for his conclusions. The long sections in this history are decidedly able and valuable, marked by sanity, knowledge, and catholicity. Many of the brief characterisations are irritating. I should particularly mention the estimate of the great Dorsetshire poet, Barnes, in whom Mr. Saintsbury apparently sees nothing. The work is critical rather than historical, nothing being contributed to our knowledge of the period. The dates, however, and other facts, are much more accurate than is usually the case in such manuals. Mr. Saintsbury is not a philosophic historian, but is purely a chronicler. To his mind, the law of cause and effect in literature cannot be traced, and his business is to sort and sample a clever man when he finds him. The style of the book is tolerably lively, with a certain tendency to slang.

The author of "In a Silent World" (Hutchinson) has tried an interesting experiment—the realisation of the mind of an intelligent woman from whom all the sounds of the world are shut out. It remains an interesting experiment, little more. It would need genius to render the condition really intelligible to us; and there is not a touch of genius here, only a pleasantly written, sad story of afflictions and compensations, with an unhappy ending, all told, I think, from the outside.

Mr. Edward Garnett has succeeded Stepniak as writer of the introductions to the admirable versions of Turgenev which Mrs. Garnett is translating and Mr. Heinemann publishing. The last volume, "Smoke," is one of the most important of the series, important in the history of Turgenev as marking his rupture with the Young Russia Party, and as perhaps the finest example of any novel, with the delineation of political parties as its first object, which remains a lastingly beautiful work of art.

IRELAND v. SCOTLAND.

Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.

H. O. Smith.

Balfour.

W. McEwan.

A. R. Smith.

J. W. Simpson.

Fleming.

Turnbull.



G. T. Campbell.

J. Gowans.

W. Neilson.
J. H. Dodds.

W. Morrison.

W. P. Neilson.
J. H. Cowper.

Donaldson.

SCOTLAND.

Crean.

J. H. Lyttle.

J. H. O'Connor.

J. Scaley.

J. Byron.

T. Warren.



Stephenson.

W. Gardner.

Lindsey.

S. Lee.
McAllen.

Allen.

Bulger.

Magee.
Clinch.

Rooke.

IRELAND.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen and Court arrived at Windsor on Thursday. The Empress Eugénie has been visiting Princess Beatrice at the Villa Liserb.

Dr. R. W. Burnet, who has been appointed Physician-in-Ordinary to the Duke of York, is a man in the prime of life. He took his degree at Aberdeen University twenty years ago, came up to town, went out with the Lornes to Canada, assisted Sir Andrew Clarke, and now doctors West-End London. He is one of the most affable of Scots, and lives in a charming house in Grosvenor Street.

Mr. & Mrs. Henry Moore
request the Company of
HW.
at the Marriage of their Daughter
Lillian Decima to
Cecil Annesley Walker-Leigh,
on Thursday, February 20th, at 2-30,
at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street.

Miss Decima Moore's wedding, on Thursday, attracted an interested crowd to Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street. The bride was given away by her father, and she had three children bridesmaids,

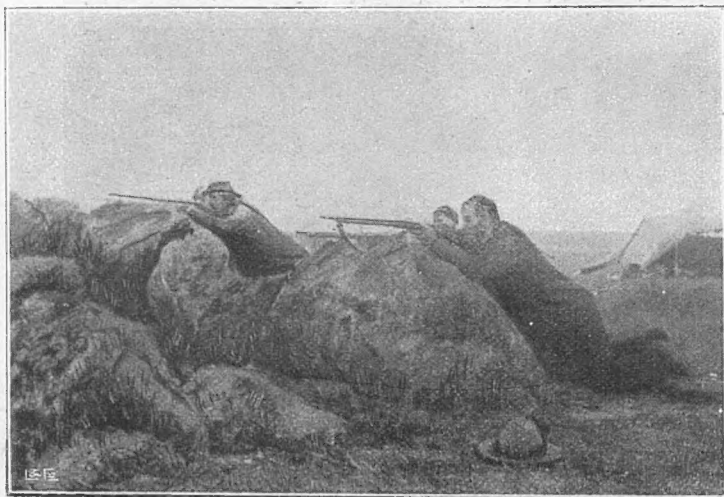
among them Mr. George Edwardes' daughter Nancy, which was appropriate in view that Miss Moore is now Mrs. Leigh. She is honeymooning in Ireland.

An English Princess has given her name to a new French watering-place. About a dozen miles from Boulogne, in the direction of Berck, is the estuary of the River Canche, on which stands the town of Etaples. On the other side of the estuary, and facing the sea, is to rise the new town of Mayville, so called after the Duchess of York. Part of the proposed watering-place, christened Paris Plage, is already in existence. This is a favourite haunt of artists, and M. Carolus Duran has a villa there. It is intended to build villas for two miles along the sea-front, to make a racecourse, and all the favourite adjuncts of a Continental seaside resort. The air is most invigorating, partly owing to the pine forest close to the sea; and, as the journey from London is only four hours, Mayville ought to be the goal of many summer tourists. Etaples is an interesting old town. In one of the *cafés* is a picture painted by an artist who is Dr. Jameson's brother.

The Duke of Norfolk has some unsophisticated ideas about business. He is said to have been so distressed by the publication of Mr. Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning* that he called on the publishers and offered to buy up the whole edition. Messrs. Macmillan smiled, rubbed their hands, and said they must warn his Grace that, after his purchase, they would bring out a second edition at once. That contingency had never occurred to the nobleman who happens to preside over so great a department of the national commerce as the Post Office.

Mr. Labouchere has made in *Truth* a very ungracious apology to Captain Thatcher for having suggested that when this officer left the Army he was not a captain, but only a sergeant. It is now explained that Captain Thatcher, the son of an Indian Major-General, having failed to pass the Army examination, enlisted, and rose from the ranks to the position of a commissioned officer. That is highly honourable to him; but, instead of acknowledging it, Mr. Labouchere sneers at Captain Thatcher's failure in his examination. It might have been thought that for a man to rise from the ranks would commend him to Mr. Labouchere's democratic sympathies; but to the Editor of *Truth* democracy is evidently not a principle, but a mere label.

The accompanying snap-shot, taken at the Battle of Doornkop, shows the way the Boers fought Dr. Jameson. They took cover behind rocks, and never exposed themselves. This accounts for the small number of deaths among their ranks.



HOW THE BOERS FOUGHT "DR. JIM."

What may be called the first round of the International Rugby Championship has been decided. That is to say, each of the four countries has negotiated two of its engagements; England has yet to meet Scotland, and Ireland has yet to meet Wales. Upon the results in these two outstanding engagements the premiership depends. I cannot remember any season responsible for such a mixing of form as we have had this year. England beat Wales by 25 points to nothing, Wales beat Scotland by 6 points to nil, Ireland beat England by 10 points to 4, and Scotland drew with Ireland in a scoreless game.

Could anything even in football form be more mysterious? It seems to me that the safest moral to be deduced is that relative performances are not only deceptive, but absolutely misleading. You will find that, however she may fare against other countries, Scotland is generally able to lower the colours of the Rose. It is merely a matter of style against style. The Scottish forwards have a system of their own, a system which continues to confound the English pack, but which, seemingly, Wales is just beginning to checkmate. We shall have to wait till March 14 ere the clue to the situation is afforded. On that day both matches will be played, the one in Dublin and the other in Glasgow. It would be, to say the least, idle work attempting to forecast the result. At present Ireland holds the lead, and I will merely add that public opinion strongly favours the chances of the Hibernians.

To-day, when everybody's eyes are turned towards the Navy, it is fitting that the tercentenary of Drake's death should be celebrated. Under Sir John Hawkins, Drake learned his seacraft, voyaged to Guinea when he was twenty, and was in command of the *Judith* at twenty-two. How the swarthy little man with the masterful eye and lion heart hated the Spaniards! who came to fear "the Dragon," as they called him. He got a grand chance when the Armada came, for it was owing to his fertile resources that the galleons of Spain were harassed in the most diabolical manner, and driven on to the sandbanks. And he died as he had lived. The swamps of Panama proved fatal to him, and the old sea-dog died raving in the delirium of fever. They buried him out at sea, near Nombre-de-Dios, and, amidst the booming of guns, the body of the great Drake was lowered into the restless ocean—fit resting-place for a spirit so turbulent.



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

What is a sonnet? We all know the bickerings of Petrarchan purists and Miltonic maniacs. Some of us have heard the story of the London editor who recently asked a contributor to write him a sonnet, to extend over "not more than two pages." That may or may not be a fable, but there's nothing apocryphal about the current issue of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. There you will find a lyric of two verses of six lines each, by Mr. Henry Overy, and it is entitled "Sonnet," which is quite a new departure of the fourteen-decker—

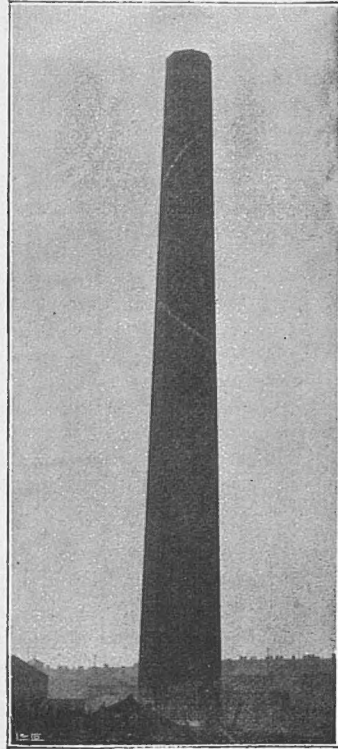
O Mr. Henry Overy,
If only you would con it;
You'd find your rhythm rovery—
There's not a doubt upon it.
Perchance the critic, sir, opines
That brilliance in your ditty shines.
And yet, you know, a dozen lines
Can never make a sonnet.

Several ladies on bicycles attended the meet of the East Sussex Hounds in the neighbourhood of Hastings a day or two back, and to their enterprise is due the fact that they saw more of the fun from the roads than many of the young sports did who attempted to follow the hounds on fiery, untrained steeds. Ladies take the keenest interest in hunting, and they have an exceptional ability for keeping to the right line for seeing the fun. Lady Orkney—who, by-the-bye, spends half her days in the saddle—is always in the first flight when following Lord Rothschild's staghounds, and she seldom makes a mistake when calculating as to the probable line of the going. I believe ladies would make model conductors of hounds.

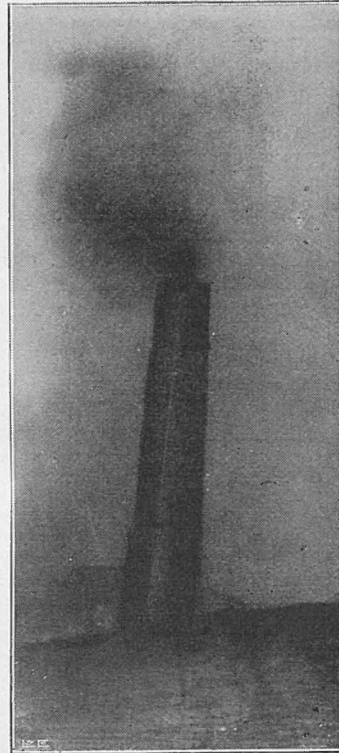
The musical members of the Kyrle Society, under the able conductorship of Mr. F. A. W. Docker, are continuing to do excellent and much-appreciated work. They lately, for instance, gave a concert at the People's Palace before a thousand blind persons, and, by the special desire of their audience, the work performed was Handel's "Samson." In the circumstances, a touchingly appropriate theme.

The razing of a chimney-stack is an interesting operation, and was seen to great advantage the other day at Salford, where Mr. J. Smith, a well-known Lancashire steeplejack, took down a paper-works stack. The chimney was 270 ft. high, octagonal in shape, and its wall was 7 ft. 8 in. thick at the base. The circumference at the bottom was 92 ft., and the entire weight was estimated at a little over 4000 tons. The chimney wall was cleared for about eight feet from the ground, on the southern side, and "uprights" of timber were driven in until the greater part of the weight of the superstructure rested on the timber, which was set on fire. Fed by petroleum, the fire in a few minutes did its work. Leaning for a moment, the whole chimney suddenly fell zigzag to the ground, exactly in the place intended. There was little noise, but the force of the fall was sufficient to sunder the jointed bricks as cleanly as though they had been detached by hand.

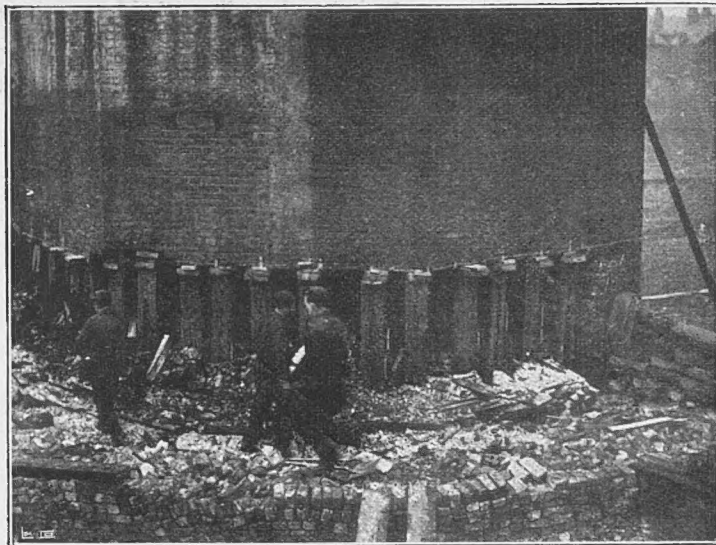
Should the Queen confer on Princess Beatrice the Duchy of Kent, as it is rumoured she will do, the revival of that title will have a special interest for the students of the history of our old nobility, for the county of the White Horse has given a title to various powerful families from Saxon times. Before the Conquest, the Godwins were Earls of Kent, and when the Conqueror was seated on the English throne he made his half-brother, Odo, Earl of that county. This earldom became extinct in 1096, and in 1141 William de Ipre succeeded to the honours and title, holding them for twenty-two years. The next earl was Shakspeare's (and England's) Herbert de Burgh; his creation was not, however, till 1226, and the title again lapsed in 1243. In 1321 Edward II. conferred the Earldom of Kent on his uncle Edmund, the fifteenth child of a warlike father. This unfortunate Prince was beheaded by Edward III.



THE CHIMNEY BEGINNING
TO FALL.



THE CHIMNEY BREAKING INTO
THREE PIECES.



THE WAY THE CHIMNEY WAS PROPPED.



THE BRICKWORK TEN MINUTES AFTER THE FALL OF THE CHIMNEY.

HOW A CHIMNEY IS TAKEN DOWN.

From Photographs by R. Banks, Manchester.

in 1329, and his honours were forfeited, but were revived in the following year in favour of his son Edmund, who died without issue, and was succeeded by his brother John, who also died childless in 1352. The estates then passed to Joan, "the Fair Maid of Kent," their only sister, whose first husband (she had three) was Sir Thomas Holland, a Knight of the Garter, in whose favour the earldom was again revived in 1360. The Hollands held the ancient and honourable title till 1407. Then came another interregnum, of five-and-fifty years, when William Nevill, second son of the first Earl of Westmorland, was made Earl of Kent by Edward IV., and held it for less than a twelvemonth. Three years later, the title was yet once again bestowed on a royal favourite, and the house of Grey became Earls of Kent. With them the earldom remained for many a year. In 1706 the then Earl of Kent was made a marquis, in 1710 a duke, the latter honour becoming extinct in 1740; it was revived in 1799 in favour of a scion of the reigning family, Edward, fourth son of George III., and father of her Majesty. The title of Duchess of Kent for Princess Beatrice will, if given, revive many memories of England's

history. Lovers of Sir Walter Scott will, by the way, doubtless remember the last verse of Blondel's ballad of the Bloody Vest, and how the wearer of that garment, Sir Thomas à Kent, exclaims—

And light will she reckon of thy princedom and rank,
When I hail her in England the Countess of Kent.

Passing along Pall Mall, a few days since, my attention was attracted by quite a little crowd outside the well-known print-shop of Mr. Graves, close to the Opera Arcade, which latter will, I imagine, shortly be numbered with buildings of the past. Pushing my way to the window, I found that the attraction was a large three-quarter-length portrait of our popular Colonial Secretary. Mr. Chamberlain, standing at a library-table, with a strong light on his astute countenance, with the inevitable eye-glass, and the equally inevitable orchid, a most excellent likeness, seemed to meet the eye of each gazer with his own, the expression on the face suggesting a mood formidable to the rash putter of questions. Many were the flattering remarks that fell from the eager observers, and I noticed that the various celebrities whose presentments supported the political hero, such as Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery, appeared to attract no attention whatever. Mr. "Pushful," as a contemporary aptly calls him, occupies the place of honour, as, indeed, all parties appear to think he deserves to do.

Mr. Mulholland, of the pretty little Métropole at Camberwell, must certainly be congratulated on the varied attractiveness of his theatre. Being in the neighbourhood, the other evening, I thought I would like to renew my acquaintance with Miss Beatrice Lamb as Niobe, and her merry comrades of the Strand, who for six nights have been entertaining a suburban audience. How

highly their efforts were appreciated is vouched for by the fact that there was not an empty seat in the house, while the contrast between the extremely modern sallies of Mr. Paulton and the stately, classic remarks of the resuscitated heroine were received with shouts and roars of applause. Niobe's attractiveness seems fresh as ever, and I cannot conscientiously say that the amusing lady was "all smiles," for I noticed many of the audience laughing till the tears streamed down their faces.

From all parts of the country, and eke from the suburbs, I have received glowing accounts of the success which Mr. J. L. Toole has been having on tour. Remembering, as I do, how seriously ill the long-popular comedian was a year ago, I rejoice at "Old Friend Toole's" being able to stand all the journeying concomitant with provincial engagements. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have started successfully at Portsmouth yet another tour. Included in their company are Mr. Norman Forbes, Miss Kathleen Dene, and those sterling actors Mr. Charles Sennett, Mr. Frank Atherley, and Mr. J. F. Graham, besides other clever people.

The muzzling order has turned my attention acutely to dogdom, and to-day I offer quite a kennelful of dogs, of every size and shape. To begin with, there is the Great Dane Mammoth Queen, belonging to Mr. Pendry, of Windsor, which has had a right royal progress through showland. Born on Jan. 31, 1894 (sire, Champion Selwood Sambo; dam, Hedwige), she is a lovely dark golden-brindle, and one of the tallest



AFGHAN BARUKHZY HOUND "SHAHZADA."
Photo by H. R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

bitches of her breed. She was first shown at Cruft's last year, and was awarded two seconds and one first prize. During the course of the year she carried off, at various places, ten first prizes, two seconds, and three specials, being adjudged the championship as the best bitch at the great Birmingham show. At Cruft's, the other day, she won two firsts, a special as the best bitch, and another special as the best Dane. Mr. J. Whitbread's Afghan Barukhzy Hound Shahzada carried off the second prize for foreign dogs at Cruft's. He is valued at £150.

There was a funny little incident on the first night of "The New Barmaid" which no one seems to have noticed. Miss Lottie Collins was invited by part of the house to sing an encore stanza of her song, "You know the sort of thing I mean." Some of the audience, however, objected, for there had already been encores taken too easily—not in her case, however—and there was a good deal of hostile noise. She came close up to the footlights, looked up at the gallery, waved her hand in a deprecating way, and then, with a very arch style and prodigious emphasis, began her encore stanza, "There's a little note that jars." It was so quaintly pertinent that the few who saw the point laughed almost without limit.

Those theatrical advertisers are shrewd fellows as well as being often killingly funny. Immediately after the news about the North Pole, a popular comedian, who has been appearing with success in a London pantomime, announced that he begged to thank "Dr. Nansen for offer for the New Empire, North Pole." To start a music-hall at the Pole is emphatically a rich idea!

Mr. Robert Arthur, who is taking over the Court Theatre, Liverpool, from the Carl Rosa Company, is lessee of Her Majesty's Theatres, Dundee and Aberdeen, and also of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, where he has started his *régime* with a very successful pantomime. Mr. Robert Arthur, who has for five years toured "The Trumpet-Call," has now acquired the provincial rights of "One of the Best." He is a Glasgow man.

I have come across some precious gems of Baboo English in a speech of an Indian advocate. I transcribe two or three sentences. "My learned friend, like the whirlwind in the teapot, thinks to browbeat me from my legs." "I seek, with no deception, to place my bone of contention clearly in your Honour's eye." Awkward for his Honour, I should fancy. And again: "My client is a poor, virtuous widow, merely possessing one *post-mortem* son, with few or none relations. And the latter are not near relations, their relationship being only in a homœopathic degree." I should have to italicise the whole passage if I once started doing it.

The Festival Ball in aid of the New Building Fund of the Royal Ear Hospital, which took place in the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, went off splendidly. The guests were received by Lady Alice Morland and the Right Hon. the Viscount Southwell (Chairman of the Dance Executive Committee). Among those present were Lord and Lady Braye, Countess Legardi, the Hon. Adrian Verney-Cave, Sir Kenneth Matheson, Bart., and many more well-known people. It was, altogether, a brilliant success, and will give a great impetus to a most deserving charity.

Scenes of London life have been written by the hundred, or thousand, and I have read a good many; but has anyone ever described Waterloo Station early on Sunday morning? That part of the maze—for Waterloo Station is far more perplexing, I find, than the professional effort at Hampton Court—from which trains start for the stations between Richmond and Shepperton, well deserves a visit. "Who are those people with sticks in a bag with lumps at the end?" said a foreigner to me the other day; "and those with umbrella-cases and large wooden boxes, and some small zinc boxes too?" I explained that the people with sticks with lumps at the end were golfers. I failed, however, to give him an idea of golf till I said it was croquet on a large scale with a small ball. The others were bank-anglers. Those with the zinc boxes were fishers for the pike, or *brochet*, carrying with them the hapless dace, roach, or gudgeon that unwillingly aid them in the sport; the others were after humbler fish than the *Esox lucius*.

It is wonderful to see the crowds of mechanics, artisans, and small shopkeepers, all with the large wooden boxes that hold tackle and act as seats, going down to the splendid but sadly over-fished river. Most of them go down cheaply, as the railways grant tickets at reduced rates to members of the hundreds of fishing-clubs. There is a delightful fellowship among them, and utter strangers talk and lie to one another as if they were old friends. For the pursuit of fish, whether of coarse fish or game fish, engenders every virtue save truthfulness. Apropos, there is a tale in the Courts. A witness had described himself as a barrister; incidentally, he said he had been a solicitor; the case showed he was a journalist, for he had written a libel; a figure of speech that he used hinted that he was an angler. "Are you in the habit of fishing?" said Mr. Justice — to him. "Oh, yes." "Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, with a smile, in his summing-up, "you must consider what weight you will give to the evidence of a solicitor-barrister-journalist-fisherman, seeing that he belongs to four sets of persons commonly supposed to rely on their invention rather than memory for their facts."

The Chicago Board of Education has tried a novel experiment. It has issued an expurgated edition of the Bible, from which everything "questionable" has been omitted. From this it is a short step to denouncing as immoral people who prefer the original version. The Chicago Board is, no doubt, invested with official authority to play these grotesque pranks, but why drag in "Education"?

No word in the language is so often misplaced as "only," which ought always, of course, to go immediately in front of the word or phrase it qualifies. There is a very amusing, though unintentional, comment on this blunder in Mr. Saintsbury's new book on Nineteenth-Century Literature. Speaking of Burns, he says, "Perhaps he could only do these two things. . . What an 'only' we have here!" Not content with this criticism on his own blunder, the Edinburgh Professor goes on in the very next sentence, "It amounts to this, that Burns could 'only' seize, could 'only' convey, these charms of poetical expression," &c. Was there ever such a collection of misplacements in so small a space?



GREAT DANE "MAMMOTH QUEEN."
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

A DOGGY PAGE.

Photographs by Mr. Midgley Asquith, Harrogate.



MR. HARRY MITCHELL'S RETRIEVER.



MR. HARRIOTTE PATTISON'S YORKSHIRE TERRIER.



MR. HARRY MITCHELL'S RUSSIAN POODLE.



MISS DUTTON'S PRAIRIE-DOGS.



MRS. M'ALLISTER'S FRENCH POODLE.



MRS. LOGAN'S YORKSHIRE TERRIER.



MR. T. STEPHENSON'S SETTERS.



MISS BARTLE'S YORKSHIRE TERRIER.



MRS. LEDGARD'S POMERANIAN.

I am pleased to hear that poor Goring Thomas's bright opera, "Esmeralda," is being prepared for performance by the operatic students of the Guildhall School of Music. It goes without saying that the choruses are being properly rehearsed under the guidance of that broad-chested, curly-locked, companionable, and withal eminently practical Irishman, Mr. Neill O'Donovan, who knows his business thoroughly well. Three vocalists at least from the Guildhall School of Music have made their mark of late—Miss Jessie Hudleston, who has been in America with Sir Augustus Harris's "Hansel and Gretel" Company; Mr. William Paull, who has just been doing capital work with the Carl Rosa Company at Daly's; and Mr. Lloyd Chandos, the rising tenor, who is, I am told, bombarded with engagements. No doubt the successor of Sir Joseph Barnby will help to carry on the good work.



A TINY TRILBY.

Photo by C. J. Farley, Putney, S.W.

merry model's picturesque and serviceable costume becoming the fashion for children at the seaside this year.

Though Trilby's ways were rather wild,
Not easy to condone,
She had the instincts of a child
When seated on her throne;
She used to pose without her clo'es,
Ne'er asking why or whether,
Till Billee came and blushed for shame—
She chucked the "altogether."

And so for mites who sail a boat
And paddle by the sea,
I think that Trilby's soldier-coat
Would suit them to a T.
The skirt is sweet and short and neat,
The tunic stands the weather;
While on the beach you don't impeach
The childish "altogether."

Then poor, dear Trilby, as we know,
Preferred a naked foot;
She didn't care to cramp her toe
In fashionable boot.
And children dwell 'mid sand and shell,
Their feet unshod with leather;
A pinafore is such a bore,
They scorn it altogether.

And so when summer comes again
I see (in fancy's eye)
The seashore dotted now and then
With Trilbys making pie;
With pail and spade they'll build and wade,
As airy as a feather,
As pure of heart as she, whom Art
Depicted "altogether."

A Jan van Beers come to life! That's what I thought when Mdle. Liane de Vries, the brilliant Parisian *chanteuse*, stepped on to the Alhambra stage the other night. Her répertoire breathes the Boulevard in every note and in every line, though in a softer and more pleasing fashion than the grim ditties of Yvette. No Conservatoire can boast of having trained Mdle. de Vries; but her clear, bird-like voice, and admirable diction prove that she possesses that genius said to be akin to hard work, and she knows by heart each one of the forty songs included in her répertoire, being also ever on the look-out for new chansonnettes portraying hitherto unsung features of Parisian life.

The Franco-Russian Alliance has certainly been of practical good to French players and singers, if to no one else. Mdle. de Vries found herself welcomed with open arms at St. Petersburg, the more so that scarce an educated Russian but is as familiar with the language of "Gyp" and of Bruant as with his own. She also found that Austrian and Berlin audiences were fully alive to the charms of the modern chanson, and that they were as pleased to join in the chorus of the lively "Boul'miche"

as are ever the gods of La Scala—for that far-famed variety theatre has been the scene of the pretty *gommeuse's* greatest "home" triumphs; but, she says with a sigh, there is no city like Paris, and no audience like that composed of Parisians.

This is Mdle. Liane's first visit to London, and, so far, she has had no reason to regret the ordeal of an English début, always somewhat dreaded by French singers, who, till they visit our hospitable shores, cherish the absurd theory that nowhere can be found so cold and unenthusiastic an audience as in *la perfide Albion*. So pleased is Mdle. de Vries with the results of her London visit, that she hopes to come back next year and in 1898, filling up the intervals with a few weeks in the States, and another Continental tour. In a certain measure, the latest-heard of French singers undoubtedly owes some of her success to the eccentric originality of her costumes, one and all designed by a well-known Paris costumier, whose object is to give the wearer that air of *fin de siècle* levity generally associated in our minds with the Gay City. A *chic*, *incroyable* gown and fantastic *chapeau* add much to the charm and piquancy of a lively ditty, and give point to every verse written in *la langue verte*.

Though the three days preceding Lent are shorn of many of their ancient glories, it is still possible to sing *Paris est tout en fête, car voici le Carnaval*. The pleasure-loving Parisian seizes any excuse to indulge in jollity; and if the hero of the hour, the *Bœuf gras*, or fatted bull, himself be excepted, there is no doubt that all concerned in the pageant, whether as principals or spectators, thoroughly enjoy this strange survival of monkish days, when Lent was "kept" in a fashion quite incredible in these ease-loving times. I confess that, to me, the Paris Carnival has always seemed to be a parody of our own Lord Mayor's Show, taking the stateliness of its British counterpart, but gaining in light-hearted wit, brightness, and colour. Each car in the procession is ever typical of that strange admixture of sentiment and business insight only to be found in France. The Ministry of War lends some favoured regiments for the occasion, and they add a certain martial touch to the scene. The *Bœuf gras*, surrounded by butchers attired as lieutors—Heaven save the mark!—is the centre of attraction, but almost as popular a feature is the classical *Char des Blanchisseuses*, in which a number of latter-day Trilbys, washerwomen *de fin*, sit and stand, exchanging jokes with the crowd. Every kind of food, from ham to colonial products, is awarded a place in the show, and, from Vincennes to Neuilly, Paris recalls nothing so much as a glorified village fair.

According to an American gossip, Miss Fay Templeton employs a valet to look after the male attire she wears in one American burlesque; and, *vice versa*, Mr. Richard Harlow engages a lady's-maid to attend to the pretty "things" he has to don for another similar play. How very interesting!



MDLE. LIANE DE VRIES.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.



THE PARIS CARNIVAL.

The most startling case of Jack Sheppardism recently is the Muswell Hill murder. The victim, Mr. Henry Smith, a retired engineer, was seventy-nine years of age, and lived quite alone. The whole story, the binding, gagging, and bludgeoning of the unfortunate old gentleman, seems too old-fashioned to be true. Indeed, this ugly recrudescence of burglary needs a desperate remedy. The nine-tailed cat is not a pleasant



MUSWELL LODGE, MUSWELL HILL,
THE SCENE OF THE RECENT BURGLARY AND MURDER.
Photo by M. B. Glendening, Muswell Hill.

instrument whereby to vindicate the majesty of the Law, but this old remnant of times when torture was more commonly practised is very useful for treating those who know no restraining influence but fear. Flogging is torture—in a modified form, if you will; and, even so near the twentieth century, we are forced to the conclusion that we cannot do without it. A few years ago garroting threatened to become a popular pastime in respectable neighbourhoods; a few sentences including the “cat” were administered, and the garroters disappeared. Burglaries are bad enough when simple; compounded with masks and revolvers, they are fit for the severest possible penalties. Some nerves would be permanently unhinged by the sudden change from the fantastic company of dreamland to that of an armed, masked thief; and here is a damage which nothing can remedy. Sudden fright has permanent effect on most constitutions, and when the day of Old Bailey judgment comes, for the modern Bill Sykes there will be but little sympathy if the representative of Law and Order forgets to temper justice with mercy.

For most of the men who live by working active evil to others, the Law has uncomfortable accommodation and unprofitable labour; for others there is no adequate punishment, and I agree with the man—Sam Weller, was it not?—who said that the Law is a hass. We punish the burglar, the murderer, the fraudulent company-monger—now and again—but we let the jerry-builder, one of Society's most cowardly enemies, go free. In the early autumn of last year I was in a part of Surrey that London is rapidly overrunning, and I noticed a very large field devoted to the culture of cabbages, and marked for sale on building-lease. Last week I passed that spot once again. The cabbages were not; there was a road, rough, dirty, but recognisable; and

there was a double row of small, semi-detached, jerry-built villas, cheap and nasty. Many are scarcely finished, but there are a few already completed, and I inspected one of them. It cannot have been built much more than two months, but it is already as damp and mouldy as though set up on a swamp. So far as I could see, there was no foundation, and the boards of the ground floor are only a few inches above the late home of the cabbages. The field originally seemed wet and ill-drained. Now, surely the people responsible for this attack upon the constitutions of intending tenants ought to be severely punished. But nobody will suffer—except the tenants aforesaid.

Are we always cognisant of and grateful for small mercies? Do we to whom stageland is an unceasing attraction feel duly grateful when progress deals a blow to conventionality? I have been noting with pleasure how the male ballet-dancer has become extinct, and recalling the days when his contortions moved me to anger and abuse. Many years ago they were an institution, and could not be suppressed. Thackeray refers to “those horrible old male dancers . . . hideous old creatures, with low dresses and short sleeves; and wreaths of flowers, or hats and feathers, round their absurd old wigs, who skipped at the head of the ballet.” I am glad I did not live then. To see such tumblers as Crechetti, Albertieri, and Vincenti has always displeased me, and after them English eccentric dancers like Will Bishop and Willie Warde are a positive treat. What would Noverre say if he could come from Elsyian Fields—where, let us hope, he is *maître de ballet*—and see the changes that have been brought by the years? When a chorus or a brief dialogue breaks upon the tradition of ballet, I am indignant; but, seeing what time has done, I think we are better off now than at the beginning of the century. The strange thing about English ballet-dancers is their lack of pride and enthusiasm. The Italian danseuse or mime is proud of her efforts, and full of its traditions. The English girl simply looks upon the work as a means of earning her living. Why is this?

Mr. Penley, I see, is to be one of the pillars of the City. He takes his place among the Conscript Fathers as a member of the Framework Knitters' Company. This is appropriate, knitting being a suitable occupation for Charley's Aunt. Perhaps this will assuage the clerical wrath of the Rev. T. P. Hughes (I wonder whether P. stands for Price), who, in the *Forum*, has stated that the “profanity” in “Charley's Aunt” makes it difficult for a clergyman to sit through the play.

School-boys frequently figure as amateur actors, playing, of course, female parts; but it is rare for girls to take masculine rôles. That, however, is what the maidens attending the Berkhamstead High School (of which Mr. Humphry Ward is a governor) have been doing. The other day, they gave Victor Hugo's “Hernani” in French. The beard which one of the girls wore was not, as you will note in the accompanying photograph, a very imposing disguise.



SCHOOL-GIRLS IN “HERNANI.”
Photo by J. T. Newman, Great Berkhamstead.

When "The Comedy of Errors" was produced by the Elizabethan Stage Society at Gray's Inn a few weeks ago, everybody was struck with the excellent acting of Mrs. Herbert Morris as Adriana. The lady certainly looked the part, as you will see by the accompanying portrait of her.

I am delighted to see that people are at last taking steps to reduce the rule of the paper-boy to moderate limits. One or two of these terrors have been hauled before magistrates for screaming out sensational news of which their fertile imaginations were the beginning and the end; others have been the subject of a complaint by a gentleman who says that their discordant cries are a serious hindrance to his comfort.

Evidently Billy had been labouring under the impression that in matters of warfare Teutons were to be classed with Kaffirs and Ashantees.

Lately, in the Lager Beer Salon in Glasshouse Street—where you can get really good German beer—I heard a discussion between some Englishmen and a German, in which the foreigner made a remark worth recording. The Englishmen were taunting him with the servile condition of the Germans, and suggesting—it is true enough—that there was greater freedom in England of public speech and writing at the beginning of the century than to-day in Germany; that it is pitiful to be ruled actually, and not theoretically, by such a person as the present Kaiser. The German listened, glared, drank copiously, and then, in his



MRS. HERBERT MORRIS AS ADRIANA IN "THE COMEDY OF ERRORS."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

Unfortunately, the law, as at present constituted, gives very little relief, but agitation will speedily bring about a more peaceful condition of things, for the grievance is a genuine one, and calls for prompt and practical remedy. Magistrates have expressed sympathy with the suffering public, and several newsboys have been warned—I wish I could truly write "scalped." Were I the Parliamentary candidate for a London division, I would stand or fall by promising my constituents to bring in a Bill to regulate the behaviour of street-Arabs, and I fancy that a practical constituency would care more about that than Irish Bills, Agricultural Depression, and Death Duties. A man has always most sympathy with measures that will benefit him personally, although he may, now and again, assume the ill-fitting togas of patriotism or philanthropy.

Passing along a thoroughfare, the other day, I overheard one errand-boy impart to a comrade the following priceless gem of information: "No, Billy, you're wrong. The Germans don't fight with spears."

turn, spoke bitterly of the state of his country, which was almost unendurable, but observed that the French really are having the revenge on the German people that they long for. "Our troubles are cruel and humiliating; but we are patriots, and as long as we feel that, waiting on our frontier is a powerful nation, longing to get us at a disadvantage, and then attack us, so long must we put off the moment of uprising against a tyrannical Government."

It is a curious question whether, when Bismarck insisted on taking Alsace and Lorraine, thus opening a sore only curable by their cession, and yet failed to take steps to cripple France, he was simply carrying out a deep, subtle scheme to support the governors of the Germans against the people. He has been sharply censured for his policy, which certainly was, from most points of view, unwise; but it may have been that he felt that the only way to keep together the Empire, built up by war, was by dread of war if internal dissension arose in it.

Every visitor to Rome, with a scholarly recollection of its antiquities and with some historical imagination, must have felt inclined to look beyond the Forum and the city walls to the inviting Alban Hills, which contain scenes of classical interest as well as of natural beauty. Lake Nemi, deriving its name from the rustic festival of the Nemoralia, yearly celebrated in the groves of Aricia by the early Latin ancestors of the Romans, was poetically called "Diana's Mirror," and is really like a charming oval looking-glass, set deeply in its frame of wooded or bushy hills. Augustus Caesar loved this retreat, and built for himself a floating villa, upon a raft bearing also his flower-garden, to be moved about on the lake. Tiberius launched upon its still water the model of a trireme, or first-class battleship, the remains of which have been searched for, by Cardinal Colonna and others, since the Renaissance, without much effect. But we are now informed that a "ricco Inglese," at his private cost, with the permission of Prince Orsini, who owns the estate, has made excavations in the bed of the lake, with the aid of a dredge brought from Civita Vecchia, and has obtained a good collection of examples of Roman art. The bronze heads, each of the lions and the wolf holding a bronze ring between

intimately associated with his work, a huge catafalque was erected, with the effigy of Fame on the top. Around its base were representations of the Arno and the Tiber, with their legends. There were also many paintings illustrative of his career; statues, and other examples of the sculptor's art; medallions; and, facing the High Altar, a Latin epitaph of dedication from the Academy. The greatest of the numerous painters concerned in the production of this unique memorial were Bronzino and Vasari, the historian of Italian Art; foremost among the sculptors were Benvenuto Cellini and Bartolommeo Ammannati.

The funeral took place amid general mourning. The learned Vincenzo Borghini, Prior of the Innocents and Lieutenant of the Academy, entered the church, attended by the Ducal Guards, and accompanied by the Consuls of the Academy, its members comprising painters, sculptors, and architects, and the Florentine nobility and citizens. The mourners sat between the catafalque and the High Altar, and a solemn Messa de' Morti was opened by the Prior of San Lorenzo, accompanied by the organ, various musical instruments, and the choir.

After the service, a most eloquent funeral oration in praise of the mighty dead was pronounced by Benedetto Varchi, the distinguished critic and poet. Poems commemorating Michael Angelo were written by Varchi, Adriani, the historian, Bronzino, and Laura Battiferra, one of the chief poetesses of the time. Later on, a marble memorial, executed by Vasari, was erected in Santa Croce. It is deeply interesting to compare this grand ceremony with the interment of Frederic Leighton in St. Paul's Cathedral.

They have some funny notions of England down in Indiana. One Henry C. Mills, of that State, tells us that for centuries England has made it her business to oppress the weak. Even in Canada, it seems, the "flag of the oppressor" makes the blood of freeborn Americans boil. They yearn for war, that they may teach the "old devil-fish of the sea" a wholesome lesson by fitting out privateers to destroy our commerce. The last time the Americans did any privateering, they built their ships in English dockyards. Where would they build privateers now? How long would it take, and what should we be doing meanwhile? And where would the privateers coal, supposing any of them ever put to sea? Henry C. Mills has not thought of these trifling difficulties; nor has it occurred to him that in this land of the "oppressor" we enjoy a good deal more liberty than is dreamt of in Indiana.

I wonder when people will learn that the only way to ensure the safety of a manuscript, or anything they send to a newspaper-office, is to attach their name and address to it, and not merely send a letter? When things are not sent back, contributors get angry. But I can

assure these good people that it is equally annoying to have articles that I can't use lying about on my desk for months, in the vain hope of finding the owner. For weeks I have had a very old manuscript of verse—written, I should think, early last century. It is bound in leather, and is sadly foxed. The first page bears the legend "Catherina Anwill." Of course, Mistress Catherina can't be in the world of the living, but if the owner of her posy of poetry will let me hear, I shall be glad to return these songs. This is only one of many cases I could name.

Reading some biographical details concerning Mr. Kyrle Bellew, I gather that the full name of this actor-son of the celebrated elocutionist is Harold Dominic Kyrlemoney Bellew. Kyrlemoney was his mother's maiden name, and it was as Harold Kyrle, of course, that he started on his professional career. In "Charlotte Corday," with which Mr. Bellew and Mrs. Brown-Potter are touring in the States, the former, in the part of Marat, disguises most effectually his natural good looks; and the latter is said to wear in another semi-historical play, "The Queen's Necklace," a colossal headpiece that eclipses in size even the hugest of those abominable "matinée hats."

"The Artist's Almanac" (Rowney) is a handy little book which people interested in art will like to possess.



LION'S HEAD IN BRONZE.



WOLF'S HEAD IN BRONZE.



LION'S HEAD OF CYLINDRICAL POST.



A GORGON IN BRONZE.

ANTIQUITIES OF LAKE NEMI.

its teeth, were probably the ornaments of mooring-posts or of masonry piers, to which the floating raft with the garden-villa of Augustus could be attached; but it is believed that the Gorgon's head was an ornament of the imperial raft itself, and the discovery of other fragments or relics may be expected. At the bottom of the lake, thirty mètres deep under water, and about that distance from the shore, lies a broad pavement, upon which these bronzes were found, along with a grate, or part of a fence, decorative in design, likely enough to have been the deck-railing of the raft. The Italian Minister of Public Instruction, Dr. Bacelli, has ordered the water of the lake to be drawn off, so that its bed may be thoroughly explored.

The solemn pageantry of woe, of which so much has lately been seen, may be paralleled by the second obsequies of Michael Angelo. He had been buried at Rome, in the Church of the Holy Apostles, but his nephew Lionardo had the body exhumed, and sent it secretly to Florence concealed in a bale of merchandise. It arrived in Florence on Saturday, March 11, 1564, and was met by a torchlight procession of the members of the Academy of Design. Next day it was borne by them to Santa Croce, and, on the coffin being opened, the great artist seemed still to be sleeping. Some months later was celebrated his public funeral under the auspices of the Academy. In the nave of San Lorenzo, a church



MISS HAIDÉE WRIGHT AS STEPHANUS IN "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS,"

AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

SOME LONDON PUBLISHERS.

XII.—MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT.

Henry Colburn, the founder of at least three publishing houses—including that of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett—in London, was a very remarkable man: in size diminutive, but in energy and resource a perfect tower of strength. No one knew, and apparently no one has been able to discover,



MR. ARTHUR BLACKETT.
Photo by Pett, Worthing.

anything of his parentage or family connections. It is said that he was the son of a royal duke, but, if that is true, it is certain that he never boasted of the fact. He began his career in the shop of William Earle, a bookseller of Albemarle Street, and subsequently went as assistant at a circulating library in Conduit Street, kept by a Mr. Morgan. In 1816 Colburn became the proprietor of Morgan's Library, and there can be no doubt that the experience which he gained here proved invaluable to him when he started on the more adventurous career of publishing. Two years before he had actually acquired the business, he started, with the assistance of Frederick Shoberl, the *New Monthly Magazine*, Dr. Watkins and Alarie Watts being among the first editors.

In 1820 a new and greatly improved series of the magazine was started, with Thomas Campbell, the poet, as editor; Campbell was succeeded by Bulwer-Lytton in 1832, by Theodore Hook, by S. C. Hall, and by Harrison Ainsworth in 1836. The magazine died in 1875.

Not content with the responsibilities of a monthly magazine, Colburn started, on Jan. 25, 1817, the *Literary Gazette*, of which, apparently, he was the sole proprietor until the following July, when William Jerdan and Messrs. Longman each purchased a third share, Jerdan becoming editor, a post which he retained for many years. In 1842 he became sole proprietor. On Dec. 31, 1827, Colburn assisted in founding the *Athenæum*, in consequence, as he said, "of the injustice done to my authors generally (who are on the Liberal side) by the *Literary Gazette*." His passion for dabbling in journalism was not yet satiated, for in 1828 he founded the *Court Journal*, and in 1829 he established the *United Service Magazine* and *Naval and Military Gazette*, and he is known to have had a proprietary interest in the *Sunday Times*. Colburn was a very generous man in his dealings with his authors and journalists—a pleasant and striking contrast to the mean and shabby treatment meted out by the majority of the publishers of the period. Grub Street was still a very flourishing colony. Colburn paid Campbell £500 a-year for editing the *New Monthly* and for twelve articles, six in prose and six in verse, per annum; the poet was assisted by a sub-editor, Cyrus Redding, and allowed a liberal sum for the payment of contributions.

Colburn soon began to get tired of the circumscribed area to which his circulating library confined him. While still at the "Public Library," Conduit Street, however, he published "A Biographical Dictionary of the Living Authors of Great Britain and Ireland," 1816, an exceedingly interesting and useful work of over four hundred and fifty pages, dedicated to the Prince Regent. He disposed of the library to Saunders and Otley, and removed to New Burlington Street. The preparation of the "Biographical Dictionary," doubtless, brought him more or less directly in contact with many promising writers, so that, when he opened his place in New Burlington Street, he was very quickly able to make a good display of new books. One of the earliest, if not positively the first, was Lady Morgan's "Zana," which called forth a bitterly abusive review in the *Quarterly*, with the very natural result that the book had a wide popularity, to which, moreover, the skilful advertising of the publisher contributed not a little. In 1815 the publication of Evelyn's "Diary," and, ten years later, that of Pepys, proved immensely successful, expensive edition after edition being quickly exhausted. Out of these two books alone Colburn must have realised a large fortune.

One of Colburn's greatest successes was the outcome of an offer of £600 to Theodore Hook for a novel. "Sayings and Doings" was published in 1824, and 6000 copies of the three volumes were quickly sold, the publisher paying the author £350 over and above the agreement. For the second series of "Sayings and Doings," published in 1825, and for the third series, which appeared in 1828, Hook received a thousand guineas apiece. Another of Colburn's most prolific and popular authors was G. P. R. James, whose published works are computed at something like 223 volumes! Two remarkable books were issued by Colburn in 1826, Banin's "Tales of the O'Hara Family"—which, although now little read, at the time of its appearance had a great popularity—and Benjamin Disraeli's "Vivian Grey." Three years afterwards, Colburn published Captain Marryat's "Frank Mildmay," the

first of a long line of novels with all the breezy flavour of the sea. It is said that the perusal of these works has probably done more to turn youthful aspiration and energies to the choice of a profession than any series of formal injunctions ever penned, and it is certain that they are still the most widely read of the books published from fifty to seventy years ago. Bulwer-Lytton was another of Colburn's popular novelists, perhaps the most popular as regards the enormous circulation of his successive novels.

In 1830 Henry Colburn took into partnership Mr. Richard Bentley, grandfather of the present head of the firm of Richard Bentley and Son; but the connection only lasted till August, 1832, when Henry Colburn retired, giving Mr. Bentley a guarantee in bond that he would not recommence publishing again within twenty miles of London. His next move was to Windsor, but he soon tired of this, and once more started as publisher in London, paying the forfeiture in full. He took the house—at one time the town residence of the great Duke of Marlborough—now occupied by his successors, and quickly attracted around him many of his old authors and a fair share of the new ones. One of his greatest successes in Great Marlborough Street was Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England and Scotland," for which he paid £2000; while Burke's "Peerage," "Baronetage," and "Landed Gentry" were also among his conspicuous successes. Colburn retired from business at the end of March, 1851, and died at his house in Bryanston Square on Aug. 16, 1855, the value of his property being placed at under £35,000. When he retired, he still reserved his interest in a few books, and these produced, when sold by auction in 1857, nearly £14,000, to which total Miss Strickland's "Lives" contributed £6900. Colburn well deserved the title which has been often applied to him, of "The Napoleon of Publishers."

From April 1, 1855, the firm became known as Hurst and Blackett. Mr. Hurst had been for many years an assistant and sort of general manager to Colburn, while Mr. Henry Blackett, a man about town, with plenty of spare time and some spare cash, joined Mr. Hurst, and, together, they considerably developed the business. The firm's catalogues of the past forty-odd years will be found to include a fair percentage of distinguished writers. They publish, for example, the works of W. Hepworth Dixon, Walter Thornbury, John Cordy Jeaffreson, F. W. Robinson (whose "Grandmother's Money" was the great "hit" of 1860), Amelia B. Edwards, a number of Mrs. Oliphant's books, Miss Freer's historical works, and works by Dr. S. R. Gardiner, Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Dr. George MacDonald, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Adeline Sergeant, Beatrice Whitby, and very many others, including, of the recent publications, Sir John Astley's "Fifty Years of My Life," Mr. Serjeant Robinson's "Reminiscences," &c. Perhaps their most extensively read novels are those of Edna Lyall and Mrs. Craik's "John Halifax, Gentleman." The earliest of Edna Lyall's works, "Donovan," made the usual round of the publishers, and eventually found itself at Great Marlborough Street. Here it would also have been refused, but Mr. Arthur Blackett was so fascinated by the story that, in the teeth of the unfavourable verdict of his "reader," he published it. The book was, nevertheless, a dead failure, and unconventionality in fiction was for a time at a discount. In spite of this, when the sequel, "We Two," came for consideration, Messrs. Hurst and Blackett also published it. The book immediately "took," and in two or three weeks the whole of the edition was exhausted. The success of this book led naturally to inquiries for "Donovan," and in the course of a very short time this too was out of print. Mrs. Craik's celebrated book came to the firm through the recommendation of Mrs. Oliphant, and of it close on 200,000 copies have been sold; it was first published in 1857, and for over thirty years the five-shilling edition was the cheapest form in which it appeared; Messrs. Hurst and Blackett have now added it to their excellent "Three-and-Sixpenny" series, so that it will have a fresh and, doubtless, a long lease of life. It is interesting to note that the copyright of "John Halifax" expires in some two or three years' time.

Much more still remains to be said in connection with the books published at various periods by this firm, but space does not permit of this being done here. The senior of the two partners who succeeded Colburn, Mr. Hurst, died in 1870, and Mr. Blackett in 1871. Mr. Arthur H. Blackett, who was educated at Eton and in Germany, entered the business in 1870. In 1880 he was joined by his brother, Mr. Herbert Walter Blackett, who was educated at Marlborough and in Germany. About ten years ago the business was turned into a private limited liability company, having for its manager Mr. George Horsman, who is the Patriarch of the establishment, and has been in the employment of Henry Colburn and his successors for over fifty-three years.



MR. HERBERT BLACKETT.

THE NEW PLAY AT THE LYCEUM.

Photographs by Nadar, Paris.

Old-world romance spelt success for Mr. Forbes-Robertson when he undertook the management of the Lyceum with "Romeo and Juliet." Its successor, a semi-, some said a pseudo-psychological study in modern



M. FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

life, was a dismal failure. The young manager has returned to his first love, for to-morrow night he produces Mr. John Davidson's adaptation of M. François Coppée's romantic play, "Pour la Couronne."

"Pour la Couronne" is well named, for its history has been as tortuous and difficult as many a struggle for a throne. It was first produced at the Odéon Theatre, Paris, a little over a year ago—to be quite precise, Jan. 19, 1895—made an instant success, and it has since proved itself to be the most popular of all Coppée's plays. It was originally written for the Odéon some years ago, but M. Porel, who was influential there at the time, objected to it, and made its production impossible by insisting on a change in the plot and ending, which M. Coppée wisely declined to submit to.

Like every true artist, he had an instinct that he had produced an excellent piece of work. In the absence of a theatrical audience, he gave readings from the play in several Swiss towns, where it was extremely popular. It was then accepted by the Comédie Française, but, despite the undoubted success of its career in Switzerland, "Pour la Couronne" was kept on the shelf for a long time, a compromise at last being arrived at by M. Coppée agreeing to the revival of "Severo Torelli." Then "Pour la Couronne" went back to the Odéon Theatre, and proved at once a memorable success.

This is not the place nor time to tell the story of "Pour la Couronne" in any sort of detail. It may be said, however, that the action is laid in a Balkan kingdom in the fifteenth century, after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. Michael Brancomir, one of the leaders of the Slav opponents of the Ottoman, makes a bid for the vacant throne. The crown, however, is given to a bishop. Under the baneful influence of his second wife, Bazilde, Brancomir, disappointed, turns traitor. His son Constantin has to play the horribly difficult part of checkmating his father, and this constitutes the intense tragedy of Coppée's fine play. One cannot help noticing, in passing, that in all the three plays produced so far by Mr. Forbes-Robertson, his brother, Mr. Ian Robertson, has been an ecclesiastic. In "Romeo and Juliet" he was Friar Laurence, in poor "Michael and his Lost Angel" he was Father Hilary, and now he is to be the Bishop-King. If he rises at this rate, he will soon become a stage Cardinal. It is interesting to note the two casts presenting the play.

	The Original Cast	The Lyceum Cast.
The Bishop	M. A. LAMBERT ...	MR. IAN ROBERTSON.
Ibrahim Effendi ...	M. RAMEAU	MR. WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.
Constantin	M. FENOUX	MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON.
Michael	M. MAGNIER	MR. CHARLES DALTON.
A Goatherd	M. JULIAN	MR. MURRAY HATHORNE.
A Turkish Prisoner	M. DUPARC	MR. J. CULVER.
Oursch	M. MARSAY	MR. J. FISHER WHITE.
A Sentinel	M. CEALIS	MR. J. WILLES.
Lazare	M. ETIEVANT	MR. FRANK GILMORE.
Bazilde	Mlle. TESSANDIER	MISS WINIFRED EMERY.
Militza	Mlle. DE BONCZA	MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.
Anna	Mlle. CHAPELAS	MISS SARAH BROOKE.
Page-Boy	Mlle. GROSlier	MISS DORA BARTON.

And now a word as to the author of "Pour la Couronne." François Coppée is one of the most interesting figures in French letters at this moment, not merely of himself, but in contrast to what is popularly supposed in this country to be the keynote of the literature of modern France. His literary career dates as far back as 1866, when he published—need it be said at his own expense?—a small volume of verse called "Les Reliquaires," dedicated "to my dear master, Leconte de Lisle." Four years later he made his début in theatrical literature with an exquisite one-act idyll in verse entitled "Le Passant." The play was immediately taken notice of. Some critics pronounced it quite up to the standard of De Musset, and it gave Sarah Bernhardt the opportunity of making her mark as a great actress. Since that time, his literary output has been very steady and varied. He has written many volumes, he has brought out several series of short stories and essays, many of which first appeared in daily and weekly newspapers, while his dramatic works already fill four volumes.

M. Coppée has often been called the French Tennyson, but his temperament is much more nearly allied to the genius of Mr. William Morris. For both the romance of the past has a strange fascination, which

makes them draw on it largely for literary inspiration, and both of them, looking on the present through the idealist's spectacles, are instinct with the desire to amend the social flaws of our time. Coppée's best work has been done in the domain of historical romance: this is notably true of "Severo Torelli," "Les Jacobites," and "Pour la Couronne" itself. He has fed himself on romance. Before he was twenty he had read the Waverley Novels through and through. He has an extensive knowledge of English literature, as translated, while his favourite work of fiction is "Robinson Crusoe." Full of sympathy for the work of "Les Jeunes," he has never tried to work in the psychological media, like so many of his contemporaries. Stage realism, as understood by the Théâtre Libre and its imitators, has got little or no support from him, though he is a great admirer of natural acting as opposed to that acquired at the Conservatoire. Not that he lacks appreciation for the works of realist writers. No one, for instance, has stood up so persistently for the candidature of Zola in the Academy. Nor has his idealism, which makes him seem rather in, than of, the world, made him intolerant of the present and its social anomalies. On the contrary, it has served to emphasise his interest in pressing social problems. He has expressed his views in "Mon Franc Parler."

His social creed is, briefly, a conviction that the world is getting better, and he strenuously affirms his belief in the existence of a power which makes for righteousness. Thus, he has become a master painter of the faces and figures of sad, lowly folk—the artisan, the Parisian *grisette*, and the peasant—and this has gained for him the nickname "Le Poète des Humbles." But it is uttered in no spirit of scorn, for in the literary world of Paris he is of the few people of whom good is ever spoken. The generous simplicity of his nature is reflected in every line of the man. In his youth he might have sat for the beautiful minstrel-boy who gave the title to his first play. Even now Coppée's features have lost little of their delicacy of outline. The slight figure is still lithe and graceful.

His Paris home has now for many years been in a quaint villacottage, built at the further end of one of the great, stately courtyards which remain so distinctive a feature of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. There, completely sheltered from even the rare noises of the quiet, old-world Rue Oudinot, the poet and his sister, "Mlle. Annette," have created a charming *intérieur*, for, though M. Coppée spends a portion of each summer in his country home, near Mandres, he is never so happy as when in Paris; and long after all his friends have left the gay city to itself, he is still to be found, the most courteous and kindly



Mlle. DE BONCZA AS MILITZA.

of hosts, in his book-lined study, surrounded by his beloved cats, and smoking one of the tiny Turkish cigarettes without which, he often declares, life would be scarcely bearable, and composition would be quite impossible.

M. Coppée does all his work at a large writing-table, placed across and opposite to a window overlooking a tiny Dutch garden, enclosed in,

or rather, forming part of, a great orchard, which might be, for all that can be seen to the contrary, a corner of far-off Normandy. The left bank of the Seine is dotted with unsuspected green oases, enclosed and hidden by stately mansions and high walls, shadowing the narrow streets of the Quartier, and so it is that through the early spring and summer François Coppée's Paris home is filled with beauty within and without.

Owing to his exceptional delicacy of health, M. Coppée can write only in the afternoon. Often he elaborates a poem or a play years after the initial idea has occurred to him, and, like most French writers, he is not



MILTIZA AND M. FÉNOUX AS CONSTANTIN BRANCOMIR.

content to leave his work till he has gone over the manuscript many times; but once he is satisfied, he is not impatient to show the world the result. That has been shown in the case of "Pour la Couronne," which has lost nothing in the process of mellowing in the pigeon-holes of theatre managers.

A LETTER AND A POSTSCRIPT.

DEAR HARRY,—I am glad the last sad things are over and done with, and the house off your hands at last. But there is something you and I can never get off our hearts, and that is Amy's dead face. Poor little, pretty creature! I never saw her look so happy before; and neither did you, I think, in all your life with her. She ought not to have been so glad to go, Harry—young and pretty and loved as she was. And it makes me wonder, Harry, if we ever quite understood her, child as she seemed. She never gave me her confidence, you know; but I always thought that I knew all her pretty secrets, and yet—useless to write like this now, isn't it? But my heart misgives me, somehow, and you will forgive me for my interference in your sorrow now, for I always felt more like Amy's mother than only her cousin; I was a woman before I was twenty, and she was a child to the end. She told me once that you made her very happy, Harry; I think it will be a comfort to you to hear that now. "Too happy!" were her words—as if that were possible, poor child! There was a little, thin gold ring she used to wear—I gave it her when we were at school together—and I would be glad to have it, as a remembrance of her, if you can bear to spare to me a trinket she wore so often. By-and-by you will let me have Mark and Maurice to stay with me, won't you? Amy would be glad for me to have them now and again, I am sure; and I would "mother" them as tenderly as any old maid *can*. I would be thankful to have Katie altogether, but I dare not ask so much of you—and besides, she is just old enough to be a comfort to you: and she is so like her mother. I shall not see you for some months, as I am going to Mentone to visit a sick friend. So farewell in the meantime. Kiss Katie for me.—Your faithful cousin,

ELLA.

For God's sake, tell me if you read the letter Amy left for me. You said you found it crumpled up in her dead hand. *Did you read it?*

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Nothing has been more remarkable during the last few months than the apparent boom in things theatrical. Most pieces have had long runs, with the exception of those by eminent dramatists. Plays and other dramatic entertainments that seemed doomed to failure have enjoyed an ample measure of popularity. In short, there is a gratifying development of public interest in the stage. We are once more a playgoing people. As in the days of Elizabeth, we once more expand the Empire in one sense, and fill it in another; and we while away the intervals of filibustering by going to the theatre. We merely lack Shakspeare, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Ford and Massinger, and a few more, to be really Elizabethan.

This revival of the drama—or, at least, of the places where the drama ought to be—is obviously due to the increased volume of trade, and especially of financial business. The stage's foundations are in the deep-levels of the Rand. It was not till the Kaffir boom that the British drama awoke from its period of depression, which had begun with the great Baring collapse. Now, the fortunes of the stage depend largely on the redress craved by the Uitlanders. No wonder, therefore, that patriotic and even aggressive sentiments and songs are in high favour. No wonder that our singers chant—or would, if they were allowed—"Hands off, Germany!" Our stalls and boxes are at stake, not our colonies only.

It is said, however, that the revival of trade has contributed to the prosperity of the theatre in other and less obvious ways. The syndicate method of financing a new piece very rarely results in anything but loss, so far as the capital invested goes. But it can be made distinctly profitable in other and less obvious ways. Suppose, for instance—I only say "suppose"—an outside broker puts a hundred or two into a new farce or "musical comedy." He may reckon, with tolerable assurance, that he will not see that sum of money back in dividends.

But, for all that, the investment may be highly profitable. If a youth with a superfluity of fortune and a deficiency of brain comes to try his luck in the game of speculation, what will render him more eager than a glimpse of the opportunities reserved for wealth? "By the way," carelessly suggests the bucketeer, as his callow client turns to go, "would you like to see 'The Boshers' this evening, at the Syndicate? I've got a box, and I can't get round to-night till late. Tottie Travers is immense in that song of hers, 'Higher up, there!' Heard it? Why, my dear sir, it's all over the Stock Exchange! Ever meet Tottie? Tell you what, I'll come in and take you round between the acts." Thus flattered and entertained, the speculative youth does not sorrow or feel aggrieved and vindictive when his "cover" runs off at middle price, and is, consequently, lost. He feels that, at any rate, he has had something for his money. So does the broker, when the run of the piece stops.

Or think of the other advantages to be gained by a business-man with a boundless supply of theatre-tickets! Too rashly and freely distributed, they bring an enterprise into contempt. But much can be done by judicious insinuation with tradesmen desirous of payment, with possible customers or clients, with rich relations, with all sorts of possibly profitable friends. Think of the advertisements and puffs, journalistic or conversational, that can be derived from the mere gratitude of those who have seen an attractive show without paying! Very often, without any bribery or dishonourable transaction, a skilfully placed box-ticket will bring in recommendations beyond the reach of cash. And to the theatrical speculator such a venture as I have described is far more economical than buying tickets and distributing them to his clients.

This is obvious at a slight consideration. Most London theatres, on an average, can be run well enough for about half the takings when all seats are paid for. Consequently, if the entire theatre were filled with "paper" by the financing syndicate, the members would be getting their tickets at half-price. But there is sure to be a certain paying public, unless the piece is intolerably bad. Therefore, if the members of the syndicate know the right people to give tickets to, they may make a very good speculation out of an unsuccessful piece.

The journalistic world of London has gone through some startling revolutions of late. A few weeks ago the *Pall Mall Gazette* was as conspicuous for incessant flippancy as the *Daily News* for a painful seriousness. Now the former, at the bidding of its millionaire proprietor, is becoming as sober, if not as wealthy, as himself; while the latter has developed a sprightliness of demeanour that seems to appal its former circle of readers. Of course, they ground their disapprobation on their organ's defence of the Chartered Company, and Dr. Guinness Rogers, in a letter to the *Daily Chronicle*, hints that if the new editor continues to manifest Rhodesian sympathies his own weekly saxeption will have to go bang in another quarter.

It is a very pretty quarrel, and seems to emphasise the truth of the proverb that "two of a trade seldom agree." But why should the two Liberal organs tear each other's eyes? Let one continue to set forth the case of Bulawayo and the other that of Pretoria, and let moderate men receive both with large discount, and abstain from anticipating the verdict on matters yet to be tried by expert judges. And let Dr. Rogers bang his saxeption where he will, and be at peace.

MARMITON.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



MONUMENT DESIGNED FOR ERECTION AT SEDAN.—M. CROISY.

ART NOTES.

The election of Mr. Abbey to the Associateship of the Royal Academy is an event which is to be applauded entirely; it gives Mr. Sargent, too, apart from its essential justice, a fellow-countryman in that exalted body. The exact reason of Mr. Abbey's election will, however, remain an everlasting mystery. For Mr. Abbey has been so many things in his

artistic career: he has been painter in oils, painter in water-colours, and black-and-white draughtsman, and the greatest of these is the black-and-white draughtsman. As an illustrator Mr. Abbey has been exceedingly successful; as a pastellist he is charming; as a painter in water-colours he is more than an average artist; as a painter in oils he has had his admirable moments; in a word, whatever may have been the count upon which he has received the honour of his election, he assuredly deserves the award of that honour.

Curiously enough, the fact of Mr. Abbey's fame in the department of illustration, and the consequent suspicion that his election was on this account, has its like suspicion in the election of Herr Menzel, who, in the same capacity, has for a great many years enlisted the admiration of all thoughtful critics. At present the Grafton Gallery contains a collection of Mr. Paul Renouard's very vital and attractive drawings in black and white; but it is not too much to say that Herr Menzel has in his small studies more vitality and spring than any living black-and-white artist. His oil-paintings are ambitious enough, and contain a great deal of very strong and interesting work, but they are not exactly great works

represents a semi-nude, dark girl standing against a curtain, that folds in front around her feet. The composition is charming, yet simple. It has a directness and a sweetness that one often looks for in vain among the more ambitious work of more ambitious painters. "Flowers of the Present," another of Mr. Sainton's drawings, has for its subject a charming figure of a girl set in a trim landscape. Mr. Sainton knows exactly how to place a figure in such surroundings; he has the just sense of proportion and of exquisite equipose.

We give also a reproduction of M. Croisy's monument, designed for erection at Sedan. The figure of Fame, seated above a dead soldier, places upon the drooping head a wreath of bay-leaves. Beneath runs the inscription: "Gloire à ceux qui meurent pour la Patrie." The composition of the whole monument is exceedingly florid, from the wing of the mythical figure to the wreath which is suspended above the soldier's head. M. Croisy, of course, is permitted to have his own ideas of Fame's appearance, and she is certainly depicted as a very pretty girl. She is obviously French; and, no doubt, had we been the sculptor of the monument, we should have made her as obviously English. An injustice may, however, be done to M. Croisy's work by the inspection of a mere reproduction that faces the eye upon a horizontal level. It will at once be seen that there is, from this point of view, considerable disproportion between the size of the figure of Fame and that of the soldier. The monument is to be placed upon a pedestal some ten mètres high, a position which will not only give elasticity, as it were, and a sense of poise to the winged figure, but will also reduce its apparent size in the resulting perspective.

The Hanover Gallery may boast of a collection of pictures by the artists of the so-called Barbizon School considerably finer than that of the Royal Academy, and second, among exhibitions of that school now on view, only to that of the Grafton Gallery. Corot, Millet, Rousseau, and Daubigny are all here, some to prove original genius, some to persuade the world of their possession of a fine style as the founders of a great tradition. That exceedingly popular painter, Gustave Doré, who, as a fine critic has recently said, "with all his extravagance of idea and lack of technical principle, succeeded in pleasing England by his gift of something like imagination," is represented, as it were, ancestrally, by that fine painter, Décamps, whose real imagination in such a picture as "St. Peter" does, in truth, show the descent which turned that real gift into the "something like." This is not an original remark, but it is too good not to be repeated. There are some exceedingly interesting examples of more modern schools, such as Degas, Cazin, and Israëls, which go to prove that, if they have inherited much, they are not unworthy of their inheritance.



MY MODEL.—CHARLES SAINTON.
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery.

of art, and they can scarcely be considered sufficient to rank their creator with the great artists of this or of any other age.

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's election as Associate will be a surprise to nobody. He has always been so faithful to the Academy, and the Academy has returned his fidelity by hanging his usually enormous canvases in highly distinguished positions on the occasion of its yearly exhibition. Mr. Solomon quite deserves the honour, too, upon purely artistic grounds. He has the grand manner, a sweeping style, and he often succeeds in producing splendid composition in union with distinguished colour. That he has sometimes failed belongs to him as a sharer in human things; that he has not seldom succeeded, however, remains his by the title of art. The fourth artist honoured by the Associateship, M. Paul Dubois, is, as we all know, a very eminent, a very distinguished, and a very industrious French sculptor.

The exhibition now on view at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery is one of very great interest, although we cannot say that it contains work of quite the highest rank in art. However, you will find there two pictures of singular dignity and beauty, the "Sybil" by the late Lord Leighton, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones's "Wedding of Psyche." The Leighton shows the artist in one of his best moods—dignified, rhythmical, and stately. These great qualities were so passionately sought out by Leighton that it is no wonder if, at times, his desire for their expression became a little too pronounced, and even defeated its own end. The man who says, "Look upon me, for I am dignified," loses all his dignity in the conscious utterance; but of this self-consciousness it may safely be said that "Sybil" has no trace. "The Wedding of Psyche" is well-enough known; and its beauty and grace are not staled by time. A very clever Henry Moore, "After a Gale: Off St. Catherine's, Isle of Wight," also hangs near; nothing can be more vital than the sweep and curl of these waves, propelled and raised by a wind that is dead, but still compels the sea to confess its influence.

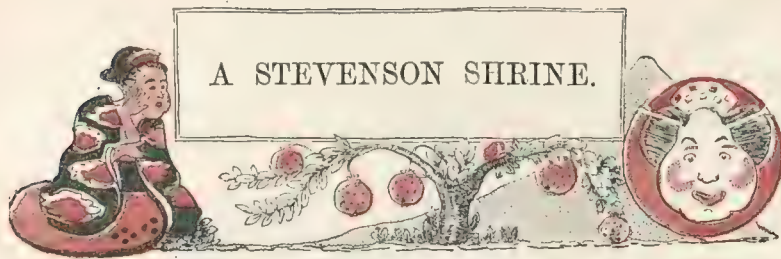
We have before noticed Mr. Charles Sainton's exhibition of water-colours now on view at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, and we again reproduce two examples of his work. One, "My Model,"



FLOWERS OF THE PRESENT.—CHARLES SAINTON.
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery.



A STRUGGLE WITH WAGNER.

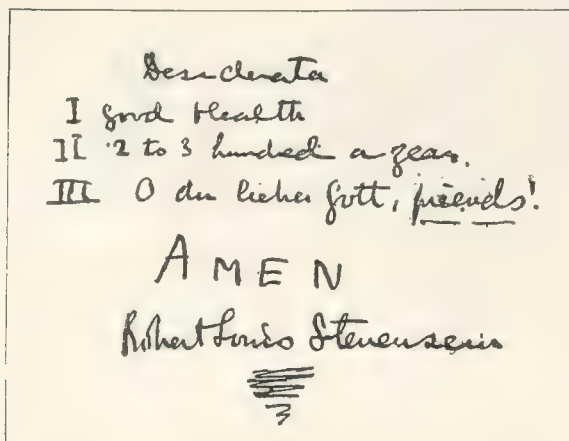


BY EMILY SOLDENE.

On Aug. 13 last, strolling down Market Street, San Francisco, looking into the curio- and other shops under the Palace Hotel, my attention was attracted by a crowd of people round one particular store-window. Now, a crowd in San Francisco (except on political occasions) is an uncommon sight. Naturally, with the curiosity of my sex and the perseverance of the Anglo-Saxon, I took my place in the surging mass and patiently waited till the course of events, and the shoulders of my surroundings, brought me up close to the point of vantage. What came they out for to see? It was a bookseller's window. In the window was a shrine. "The Works and Portraits of Robert Louis Stevenson," proclaimed a placard all illuminated and embossed with red and purple and green and gold. In the centre of the display was an odd-looking document. This, then, was the loadstone—a letter of Stevenson's, in Stevenson's own handwriting. Many people stood and read, then turned away, sad and sorrowful-looking. "Poor fellow!" said one woman. "But he's all right now. I guess he's got more than he asked for." I stood, too, and read. Before I had finished, my eyes, unknowingly, were full of tears. This is the document. When you have read, you will not wonder at the tears.

I think now, this 5th or 6th of April, 1873, that I can see my future life. I think it will run stiller and stiller year by year, a very quiet, desultorily studious existence. If God only gives me tolerable health, I think now I shall be very happy: work and science calm the mind, and stop gnawing in the brain; and as I am glad to say that I do now recognise that I shall never be a great man, I may set myself peacefully on a smaller journey, not without hope of coming to the inn before nightfall.

O dass mein leben
Nach diesem ziel ein ewig wandeln sey!



I walked on a block or so, and, after a few minutes, when I thought my voice was steady and under control, turned back, went into the bookstore, and asked the young man in attendance, "Could I be allowed to take a copy of the letter in the window?" He told me it was not, as I thought, an original document, but the printed reproduction of a memorandum found among the dead Stevenson's papers. "Then," said I, "can I not have one—can I not buy one?" And the young man shook his head. "No; they are not for sale." "Oh, I am sorry!" said I. "I would have given anything for one." "Well," said he, in a grave voice, and with a grave smile, "they are not, indeed, for sale; but Mr. Doxey has had them printed for a particular purpose, and will give one to all lovers of Stevenson." He spoke in such a low, reverent, sympathetic tone that I knew his eyes must be full, and so I would not look.

Next day I went to see Mr. Doxey himself. Mr. Doxey is a Stevenson enthusiast, and has one window (the window of the crowd) devoted entirely to Stevenson. All his works, all his editions—including the Edinburgh Edition—are there; and he, with the greatest kindness, showed me the treasures he had collected. In the first place, the number of portraits was astonishing. Years and conditions and circumstances, all various and changing; but the face—the face always the same. The eyes, wonderful in their keenness, their interrogative, questioning, eager gaze; the looking out, always looking out, always asking, looking ahead, far away into some distant land not given to *les autres* to perceive. That wonderful looking out was the first thing that impressed me when I met Mr. Stevenson in Sydney in '93. Unfortunately for us, he only stayed there a short time, would not visit, was very difficult of access, not at all well, and when he went seemed to disappear, not go. Mr. Doxey had pictures of him in every possible phase—in turn-down collar, in no collar

at all; his hair long, short, and middling; in oils, in water-colour, in photos, in a smoking-cap and Imperial; with a moustache, without a moustache; young, youthful, dashing, Byronic; not so youthful, middle-aged; looking in *this* like a modern Manfred; in *that* like an epitome of the fashions, wearing a debonaire demeanour and a *déagé* tie; as a boy, as a barrister; on horseback, in a boat. There was a portrait taken by Mrs. Stevenson in 1885, and one lent by Virgy Williams; another, a water-colour, lent by Miss O'Hara; and a wonderful study of his wonderful hands. Then he was photographed in his home at Samoa, surrounded by his friends and his faithful, devoted band of young men, his Samoan followers; in the royal boat-house at Honolulu, seated side by side with his Majesty King Kalakaua; on board the *Casco*. Here, evidently anxious for a really good picture, he has taken off his hat, standing in the sun bareheaded. At a native banquet, surrounded by all the delicacies of the season, bowls of *kava*, *poi*, *palo-sami*, and much good company. Then the later ones at Vailima; in the clearing close to his house, in the verandah. Later still, writing in his bed. Coming to the "inn" he talks about in 1873—coming so close, close, unexpectedly, but not unprepared—Robert Louis Stevenson has passed the veil. Not dead, but gone before, he lives in the hearts of all people. But not so palpably, so outwardly, so proudly, as in the hearts of these people of the Sunny Land, who, standing on the extreme verge of the Western world, shading their eyes from the shining glory, watch the sunshine go out through the Golden Gate, out on its way across the pearly Pacific to the lonely Mountain of Samoa where lies the body of the man "Tusitala," whose songs and lessons and stories fill the earth, and the souls of the people thereof.

On the fly-leaf of the copy of "The Silverado Squatters," sent to "Virgil Williams and Dora Norton Williams," to whom it was dedicated, is the following poem in the handwriting of the author, written at Hyères, where, as he says in his diary, he spent the happiest days of his life—

Here, from the forelands of the tideless sea,
Behold and take my offering unadorned.
In the Pacific air it sprang; it grew
Among the silence of the Alpine air;
In Scottish heather blossomed; and at last,
By that unshapen sapphire, in whose face
Spain, Italy, France, Algiers, and Tunis view
Their introverted mountains, came to fruit.
Back now, my booklet, on the diving ship,
And posting on the rails to home, return
Home, and the friends whose honouring name you bear.

AN ART GIFT.

Ten magnificent pictures, which originally cost £22,723, have been given to Glasgow by the family of the late Mr. James Reid of Auchterarden, who was chief of the Hyde Park Locomotive Works. They are as follows, "Pastoral Souvenir d'Italie," by Corot; "Modern Italy," by Turner; "Hampstead Heath," by Constable; cattle piece by Troyon; "The Sculptor's Studio," by Alma-Tadema; "The Frugal Meal," by Israels; "The Farmer's Daughter," by Orchardson; "Downward Rays," by John Linnell senior; "The Wane of the Day," by Charles Jacque; and "Windsor Castle," by Patrick Nasmyth.



ON PROMENADE.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



Mulliner's Camp, on the Hodgkinson, was the most hopeless-looking spot in the most God-forsaken piece of country in North Queensland, and Haughton, the amalgamator at the "Big Surprise" crushing-mill, as he turned wearily away from the battery-tables to look at his "retorting" fire, cursed silently but vigorously at his folly in staying there.

It was Saturday night, and the deadly melancholy of Mulliner's was, if possible, somewhat accentuated by the crash and rattle of the played-out old five-head battery, accompanied by the wheezings and groanings of its notoriously unreliable pumping-gear. Half a mile away from the decrepit old battery, and situated on the summit of an adder-infested, ironstone ridge, the dozen or so of bark humpies that constituted Mulliner's Camp proper stood out clearly in the bright starlight in all their squat ugliness. From the extra display of light that shone from the doorway of the largest and most dilapidated-looking of the huts, Haughton knew that the Cooktown mailman had come in, and was shouting a drink for the landlord of the Booming Nugget before eating his supper of corned beef and damper and riding onward. For Mulliner's had gone to the bad altogether; even the beef that the mailman was eating came from a beast belonging to old Channing, of Calypso Downs, which had fallen down a shaft the previous night. Perhaps this matter of a fairly steady beef-supply was the silver lining to the black cloud of misfortune that had so long enshrouded the spirits of the few remaining diggers who still clung tenaciously to the duffered-out mining-camp, for, whenever Mulliner's ran out of meat, a beast of Channing's would always—by some mysterious dispensation of a kindly goldfields' Providence—fall down a shaft and suffer mortal injuries.

Just at the present moment, Haughton, as he threw a log or two into the retort furnace and watched the shower of sparks fly high up over the battery roof, was thinking of old Channing's daughter Kate, and the curious state of affairs existing between her and his partner Ballantyne. Briefly stated, this is what had occurred—that is, as far as Haughton knew.

Twelve months before, Mrs. Channing, a meek-faced, religious-minded lady, had succumbed to the worries of life under the combined and prostrating influences of a galvanised-iron roof, an independent Chinaman cook, and a small, powerful, theological library. Immediately after her death, old Channing wrote to his daughter, then at school in Sydney, to come back "and cheer up his lonely life."

"Poor dad!" said Kate; "I suppose he means for me to continue poor mother's feeble remonstrances to Chow Kum about giving away so much rations to the station gins, and to lend a hand when we muster for branding."

However, being a dutiful girl, she packed-up and went.

On board the steamer she had met Ballantyne, who was returning to Queensland to resume his mining pursuits in the Palmer District. He knew old Channing well by reputation as a wealthy but eccentric old squatter, and in a few days he managed to make the girl fall violently in love with him. The day that the steamer reached Brisbane, a telegram was brought on board for Miss Channing. It was from her father, telling her that Mrs. Lankey, of Mount Brindlebul, was coming up from Sydney in another week, and she was to wait in Brisbane for her. Then they were to travel northward together.

If there was one woman in the world she hated, it was Mrs. Lankey, of Mount Brindlebul Station, in the Gulf Country, and Ballantyne, from whom she could hide nothing, saw his opportunity, and took it. He took her ashore, placed her in lodgings, went to a hotel himself, and, the day before her future escort arrived, married her.

Perfectly satisfied with the cogent reasons he gave for secrecy in not apprising her father of their marriage, and shedding tears at the nonchalant manner in which he alluded to a honeymoon "some time in a year or so, when the old man comes to know of it," pretty Kate Channing went back alone to her lodgings to await Mrs. Lankey, and cogitate upon the peculiarly masterful way in which Ballantyne had wooed and won her.

Six months afterwards, she got a letter from Ballantyne, telling her that he had bought Petermann's crushing-mill at Mulliner's Camp, "so as to be near you, my pet," he said. At the same time, he warned her of the folly of their attempting to meet, at least, openly; but added that Haughton, his partner, who knew of his marriage, would visit Calypso Downs occasionally, and give her news of him; also, that they could correspond by the same medium.

Thus matters stood between them for some months, till Kate, wearying to meet the cold, calculating Ballantyne, adopted the device of riding over late every Sunday afternoon to Mulliner's for the mail, instead of her father sending over one of his black boys.

But, instead of meeting her with kisses, Ballantyne terrified her with savage reproaches. It was madness, he said, for her to run such a risk. By-and-by, he would be in a better position; at present, he was as poor as a rat, and it was best for them to be apart. And Kate, thoroughly believing in him, bent to his will. She knew that her father was, as Ballantyne thoughtfully observed, such a violent-tempered old man that he would cast her off utterly, unless he was "managed" properly, when he learnt of her marriage.

"And don't come down this way from Mulliner's," added the careful Ballantyne. "There's an old mail-tin, about a mile or so away from here, near the worked-out alluvial patch. You can always drop a letter in there for me. Haughton's such a good-natured ass that he'll play Mercury for you. Anyway, I'll send him to look in the tin every Sunday night."

That, so far, was the history of Mr. and Mrs. Ballantyne.

"Another duffing crushing," muttered Haughton, as he stooped and placed his hand into the bucket of quicksilver under the nozzle of the retort-pipe. "What between a reef that doesn't pan out five penny-weights to the ton, and a woman that pans out too rich, I'm sick of the cursed place!"

As he stood up again, and, hands on his hips, looked moodily into the fire, a woman came down the rough path leading from Ballantyne's house to the battery. Walking quickly across the lighted space that intervened between the blacksmith's forge and the fire, she placed a billy of tea on the brick furnace-wall, and then turned her handsome, black-browed, gipsy-like face up to his. This was Nell Lawson, the woman who had "panned out too rich."

"Here's your tea, Dick," she said.

"Thanks," he said, taking it from her; and then, with a quick look over towards the battery, "I wish you wouldn't call me 'Dick' when any of the hands are about; Lawson might hear of it, and I don't want you to get into any trouble over me."

The black eyes sparkled, and the smooth, olive-hued features flushed darkly in the firelight as she grasped his arm.

"You lie!" and she set her teeth. "A lot you care! Do you think I'm a silly? Do you think as I don't know that you want to sling me and don't know how to go about it?"—and she grasped his arm savagely.

Haughton looked at her in gloomy silence for a few seconds. Standing there, face to face, they were so alike in features—he wiry, muscular, black-bearded, and bronzed to the hue of an Arab, and she tall, dark-haired, with oval, passionate face—they might have been taken for brother and sister.

She let his arm free, and then, being only a working miner's wife, and possessing no handkerchief, whipped her apron to her eyes.

"You're a damned cur!" she said chokingly. "If it hadn't ha' been for you I'd ha' gone along all right wi' Bob, and put up wi' livin' in this place; and now——"

"Look here, Nell," said Haughton, drawing her away into the shadow of the forge, "I'm a cur, as you say; but I'd be a worse cur to keep on this way. You can't marry me, can you?"

"You used to talk about our bolting—once!" and she snapped out the last word.

Haughton tried to explain why the "bolting" so trenchantly referred to did not eventuate. He was stone-broke. Ballantyne was going to do his own amalgamating at the battery, and it would be cruel of him to ask her to share his fortunes. (Here he began to appreciate his leaning to morality.) If she was a single girl he would stay at Mulliner's and fight it out with bad luck for her sake; but they couldn't go on like this any longer. And the people at Mulliner's were beginning to talk about them, &c. &c.

She heard him in silence, and then gave a short, jarring laugh—the laugh that ought to tell a man that he is no longer believed in by a woman who has loved him.

"I know," she said quietly; "you want to get clear o' me. You're took up with Kate Channing, the proper Miss Channing that rides over here o' Sundays to meet you on the sly."

At first he meant to undeceive her, then he thought, "What does it matter? I'll be away from here in a day or so, and after I've gone she'll find I'm not so base as she thought me, poor girl"; so, looking away from her so as to avoid the dangerous light that gleamed in her passionate eyes, he made the plunge.

"That's it, Nell. I'm hard-up and desperate. If you were a free woman——"

She struck him on the mouth with her clenched hand—"I'll kill her first, Dick Haughton," and then left him.

A mile or so from the battery, on a seldom-used track that led to some abandoned alluvial workings, a stained and weather-worn biscuit-tin had been nailed to an iron-bark tree. In the prosperous days of Mulliner's



THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

it had been placed there by the diggers as a receptacle for letters, and its location saved the mailman a long *détour* to their camp. At present poor, loving Kate Channing and Dick Haughton were the only persons who ever looked into it. After getting the station letters from the landlord of the Booming Nugget, Kate would ride through the bush and come out on the track just opposite; then, bending down from her horse, she would peer eagerly into the tin to see if a letter had been left there for her. Generally there was not. So, with a sad, wistful look in her blue eyes, she would drop her own tenderly worded letter in and ride away home.

Twice Nell Lawson had seen her passing over the ridge towards the old workings, and had wondered what had taken her so far off the road; and on each of these occasions she had seen Dick Haughton follow in the same direction shortly after. He was never away more than half an hour. The first time she simply wondered, the next she grew suspicious, and as she saw him returning went and stopped him. As she threw her arms around his neck she felt the rustling of a letter that lay loosely in the front of the dungaree jumper he always wore when at work. She said nothing, but determined to watch; and one day, with the bitterest hatred gathering at her heart, she saw Kate Channing ride up to the tin on the iron-bark, look carefully inside, and then drop in a letter. And as Nell Lawson could not read she let it lie there untouched. But from that hour murder lay in her passionate heart.

That evening, as she entered Bob Lawson's humpy, her husband, a big, heavy-featured man, looked up and saw the ghastly pallor of her face.

"Why, what's the matter wi' 'ee, Nell? You be lookin' quite sick-loike lately. Tell 'ee what, Nell, thee wants a cheange."

"Mulliner's be a dull place," she answered mechanically.

"Aye, lass, dull as hell in a fog. Mebbe I'll take thee somewheres for a spell."

For nearly another week she nursed her hatred and planned her revenge; and Haughton, as he saw the dark rings forming under her eyes, and the cold, listless manner as she went about her work, began to experience a higher phase of feeling for her than that of the mere passion which her beauty had first awakened in him long months before.

It was five o'clock on Sunday afternoon. The fierce, blinding sun had just disappeared behind the hideous basalt range twenty miles away from the "Big Surprise," when Nell Lawson put on her white sun-hood and walked slowly towards the old alluvial workings. When well out of sight from anyone near the battery, she turned off towards the creek and made for a big Leichhardt-tree that stood on the bank. Underneath it, and evidently waiting for her, was a black fellow, a truculent-looking runaway trooper named Barney.

"You got him that fellow, Barney?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Yo ai," he replied, keeping one hand behind his back. "Where that plenty fellow money you yabber me yesterday?"

"Here," and she showed him some silver; "ten fellow shilling."

Barney grinned, took the money, and then handed her an old, broken-handled, crockery teapot, which, in place of a lid, was covered over with a piece of ti-tree bark, firmly secured by a strip of dirty calico.

As soon as the black fellow had gone, she picked up that which he had given her, and walked quickly along the track till she reached the old mail-tin. She stood awhile and listened. Not a sound disturbed the heated, oppressive silence. Placing the teapot on the ground, she lifted the stiff, creaking lid of the tin and pushed it well back. Then, taking up the teapot again, she placed one hand firmly upon the ti-tree bark covering the top, while with the other she unfastened the strip of rag that kept it in position. In another moment, grasping the broken spout in her left hand, she held it over the open tin, and, with a rapid motion, turned it upside down, and whipped away her right hand from the piece of bark.

Something fell heavily against the bottom of the tin, and in an instant she slammed down the lid, and threw the empty teapot in among the boulders, where it smashed to pieces. Then, an evil smile on her dark face, she placed her ear to the side of the tin and listened. A faint creeping, crawling sound was all she heard. In another minute, with hand pressed tightly against her wildly beating heart, she fled homewards.

"This will be my last ride over, dear Ted," was the beginning of the letter to Ballantyne that lay in Kate Channing's bosom. "Father is very ill, and I cannot leave him. Do let me tell him, and ask his forgiveness; it is so miserable for me to keep up this deceit."

Darkness had set in by the time she had got the mail from the landlord of the Booming Nugget, and turned her horse's head into the track that led over the ridge to the old workings.

Two hours before daylight, Kate Channing's horse walked riderless up to the slip-rails of Calypso Downs, and the stockman who had kept awake awaiting her return went out to let his young mistress in.

"Got thrown somewhere, I suppose," he grumbled, after examining the horse. "This is a nice go. It's no use telling the old man about it; he's too sick to be worried just now, anyway."

Taking a black boy with him, and leading Kate's horse, he set out to look for her, expecting, unless she was hurt, to meet her somewhere between the station and Mulliner's Camp. Just as daylight broke, the black boy, who was leading, stopped.

"Young missus been tumble off horse here," and he pointed to

where the scrubby undergrowth on one side of the track was crushed down and broken as if by a fall.

The stockman nodded. "Horse been shy, I think it, Billy, at that old fellow post-office there," and he pointed to the old mail-tin, which was not ten feet from where Billy said she had fallen off.

"Go ahead, Billy," said the stockman; "I believe young missus no catch him horse again, and she walk along to Mulliner's."

"Yo ai," answered the black boy, and he started ahead. In a few minutes he stopped again with a puzzled look, and pointed to Kate Channing's tracks.

"Young missus been walk about all same drunk."

"By jingo! she's got hurted, I fear," said the stockman. "Push ahead, Billy."

A hundred yards further on they found her, dead, lying face downwards on the track.

Lifting her cold, stiffened body in his arms, the stockman carried his burden along to Ballantyne's house. Haughton met him at the door. Together, they laid the still figure upon the sofa in the front room, and then, while the stockman went for Nell Lawson, Haughton went to Ballantyne's bunk, and awoke and told him. His mouth twitched nervously for a second or two, and then his hard, impassive nature asserted itself again.

"'Tis a terrible thing this, Ballantyne," said Haughton sympathetically, as they walked out together to see the place where she had been thrown.

"Yes," assented the other, "dreadful. Did you hear what Channing's black boy told me?"

"No."

"He says that she has died from snake-bite. I believe him, too. I saw a boy die on the Etheridge from snake-bite, and he looked as she does now; besides that, there is not a scratch or bruise on her body, so she couldn't have received any hurt unless it was an internal one when she was thrown. Here's the place," and then he started back, for, lying at the foot of the tree, was the panting, trembling figure of Nell Lawson.

She had tried to get there before them, to efface all traces of her deadly work.

"What are you doing here, Mrs. Lawson?" said Ballantyne, sharply; "we sent over for you. Don't you know what has happened?"

The strange, hysterical "Yes" that issued from her pallid lips caused Ballantyne to turn his keen grey eyes upon her intently. Then something of the truth must have flashed across his mind, for he walked up to the tree, and looked into the tin.

"Good God!" he said; "poor little woman!" and then he called to Haughton, "Come here, and see what killed her."

Haughton looked, and a deadly horror chilled his blood: lying in the bottom of the tin was a thick, brownish-red death adder. It raised its hideous, flatted head for a moment, then lowered it, and lay there regarding them with its deadly eye.

"How did it get there?" he asked.

Ballantyne pointed to Nell Lawson, who now stood and leant against a tree for support.

Haughton sprang to her side and seized her hands.

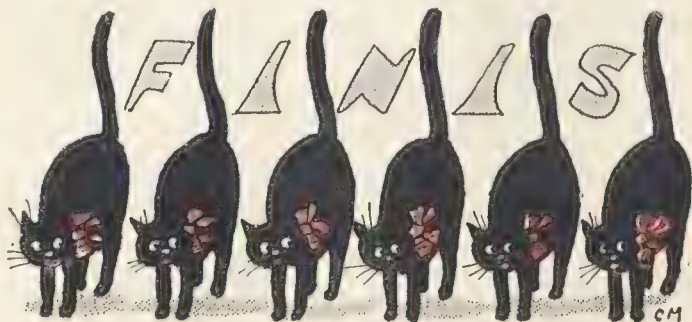
"Are you a murderess, Nell? What had she done to you that you should take her innocent life? She was nothing to me—she was Ballantyne's wife."

She looked at him steadily, and her lips moved, then a shrill, horrible laugh burst forth, and she fell unconscious at his feet.

That day Haughton left Mulliner's Camp for ever.

Perhaps this story should have another ending, and Nell Lawson have met with a just retribution. But, as is the case of many other women—and men—with natures such as hers, she did not. For when old Channing lay dying, she nursed him tenderly to the last, and perhaps because of this, or for that he could never understand why blue-eyed Kate had never come back, he left her all he had, much to the wondering admiration of honest, dull-witted Bob, her husband, who, almost immediately after the old man's death, when returning home one night from the Booming Nugget, filled with a great peace of mind and a considerable quantity of bad rum, fell down a shaft and broke his neck, after the manner of one of old Channing's bullocks—and then she married Ballantyne.

Everything seems to come to him who waits, especially if he is systematic in his villainy, and has a confiding wife, as had Ballantyne in his first matrimonial venture.





A PICCADILLY BOOKMAN.

A CHAT WITH MR. ARTHUR HUMPHREYS.

Someone has declared that this is "the day of young men" in the literary world, so it is not surprising to find one of the youngest of the Piccadilly bookmen at the head of the oldest-established firm in that historic thoroughfare. Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys, of Hatchard's, is

well known as a man of original theories on all that relates to books, and it was chiefly with a view to inducing Mr. Humphreys to condense these theories into clear-cut journalistic crystals that a *Sketch* representative recently called at Hatchard's, where the principal made him heartily welcome, and led the way to his private study.

"You must not," began Mr. Humphreys, "represent me as always occupying this sanctum, and doing my business here. This is a mere retiring-room. No; it is my pet theory that a bookselling business must be personally conducted. The head should be always at hand; he should receive everybody, he should know everybody; in fact, he should diagnose his customers as a doctor does his patients."

"In America, the publisher or bookseller

sits at the end of the shop; he sees and knows everybody, he is approachable to everybody. There should be no barriers between bookseller and customer."

"As to the shop," went on my informant, "it must be bright, airy, and attractive; the stock well arranged, ready to hand, and fresh—no unexplored stacks of old books cumbering the floor. In fact, all should suggest the word 'Welcome!'"

Every visitor to Hatchard's must know what a realised ideal is, I reflected, as I asked Mr. Humphreys how his love of books began.

"As a boy," he replied, "I first abhorred books, to the great grief of my father, who was a clergyman. At last, after a serious illness, I was sent to Dunoon, where I borrowed from a circulating library 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Tom Brown's Schooldays.' I read these with avidity, and when I'd finished, decided that, after all, there was something in books. From that day I became an ardent book-lover."

"Did you definitely choose your profession, Mr. Humphreys?" I inquired.

"No, I rather think I drifted into it. I had a short experience in Paternoster Row, then I came here as junior assistant. One by one my superiors were removed, and now I find myself at the head of a business which has, I am safe to say, three times its old vitality. When I began to have a little spare time, I started my first book, a history of my native town, Wellington. Every odd moment I was at work in the British Museum. I published the book after three or four years' labour, which was the best discipline I could have had. That work laid the foundation of whatever trained capacity for literature I may possess. 'The Piccadilly Bookmen'? Ah, I wrote that little account for my own pleasure, and because the subject was so fascinating. By the way, I should mention that I look forward to the time when every bookseller will have a trained literary man on his staff, and when advance copies of new books will be sent to the bookseller as well as to the newspapers."

"What, may I ask, is your ideal form of book, from a technical, not a literary, point of view?"

"The book we could most easily dispense with is the 'grown-up picture-book,' 'the handsome volume for the drawing-room table,' unwieldy, dull, and commercially bad. The ideal size is the Imperial 16mo, a rightly proportioned book, easy to open, comfortable to handle, allowing a fair amount of type on the page, and a good margin. My ideal is the 'Edinburgh Stevenson': its type, paper, binding, spacing, are all beautiful. Yet, if you asked a London printer for that type, he'd say he destroyed it long ago. It doesn't pay. Then, as to paper, one must get the right consistency. Many otherwise good papers are too soft or too yellow. The paper used by William Morris for the Kelmscott Press is the best."

"You do not, I think, hold with William Morris on every point?" I suggested, as I recalled a humorous epistle on Typography, which bore the signature of Arthur L. Humphreys.

"No, I think William Morris is wrong in putting the hands of time back. He admits no good printers since the fifteenth century; but what of Bodoni and Elzevir? I consider their work very perfect."

"Of course, you have a theory about binding?"

"There I hold colour to be of the utmost importance, especially in the case of women book-buyers. The colour sensibility of women is so strong that they can tell at once how books will harmonise with the general effect of a room. It is for decorative effect that many women buy books. The essentials are good colour, nice materials, the whole appearance of the book bright and joyous. Indeed, my aim is to introduce as much brightness and joy as I can into life, particularly in my own province, of books. I strive to find out what sort of libraries people have, and to teach them what a source of pleasure and amusement books may become. Most important, of course, is the knowledge how to get the best out of books. If any man knows how to do this, it is Mr. Gladstone; notice how he reads the American magazines, as he confesses, for the advertisements—truly, the most instructive and original portions of these publications!"

"A word as to libraries, Mr. Humphreys. What should a private collection be?"

"An autobiography of the possessor, reflecting his moods and interests; and, by the way, I hold that no one can afford to be without the children's works of genius—'Alice in Wonderland,' and the rest. What are the subjects of most general and lasting interest? Well, in my opinion, those are six: sport, cookery, ghosts, gardening, battle and murder, and platonic friendship."

We did not discuss Mr. Humphreys' unique collection of books on sport, as these will be dealt with elsewhere in *The Sketch*, but an allusion to them led me to ask for some anecdote of his experience as a book-hunter.

"In book-hunting," he said, "I have been amazingly lucky, especially in finding odd volumes to complete a set. Any particularly striking 'find'? Well, once a lady asked for a copy of a funeral sermon preached two hundred years ago over an ancestor of hers by Bishop Ken. When she came to me, I knew neither of the ancestor nor of the sermon, but, in a moment, a clue suggested itself. I drove straight to a certain place, and in half-an-hour the sermon was in the lady's hands."

"Ah, but you had laid the train, so to speak, by years of study?"

"Precisely," said Mr. Humphreys; and, as the talk turned on the Piccadilly bookmen generally, and the history of Hatchard's in particular, Mr. Humphreys spoke in the warmest terms of his partner, Mr. Edwin Shepherd. If I were inclined to make a deduction from our conversation, I should say that personality is at the root of successful bookselling, and that the successful bookseller is the man who combines business acumen with imagination."



PAPA.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



HE WAS A PALE YOUNG CURATE.



OBESITY : Fido ! Fido ! Confound that dog ! where 's he got to now ?



OFF THE GOODWINS.

"Yes, Miss, it's bin a wery 'ard winter. I dunno what a poor man would 'ave done for 'is livin', if a steamer or two 'adn't run on to the sands, *by the blessin' of Providence!*"

MISS MAUDE RUNDELL.

Miss Maude Rundell, who was in "A Model Trilby" at the Opéra Comique, is a niece of Miss Kate Phillips. Up to the very moment of her appearance on the London boards she was a member of Miss Cissy Grahame's "Gaiety Girl" touring company, playing one of the Gaiety Girls. She is an exceedingly graceful little dancer, has a charming appearance, and, withal, a lovely head of hair. Miss Farren's appreciation of her talent was evidently fully endorsed by the audiences at the Opéra Comique, who never failed to request a repetition of her dainty little *pas seul*. The dance, by the way, was decidedly novel and effective.



MISS MAUDE RUNDELL.
Photo by Watery, Regent Street, W.

The first figure was danced in *sabots*, which, of course, create no end of noise and clatter; while the latter part was in striking contrast, being executed, *à la Trilby*, shoeless and, consequently, silent. Beginning at the very bottom of the ladder, Miss Rundell took her first lessons with Miss Fanny Brown, of Her Majesty's Theatre, and was then for some considerable time under Mr. Walter Melbourne, of Covent Garden Opera fame, after which she was content to join the rank-and-file of the pantomime ballet at the Grand Theatre, Plymouth. Needless to say, she was very soon promoted, and was given a little Japanese dance, in which she at once achieved a marked success.

HUMAN ODDS AND ENDS.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

XVII.—A CONVERSION.

Ninety-one was Klimper's calamitous year. For a time he had lived very comfortably in Belgium, making a larger income than ever before, and with much less exertion; at five-and-forty he began to look forward to a peaceful retirement in one of the genteel English towns, such as Bath or Leamington, which had always attracted him. Then, of a sudden, Belgium cast him forth: he, and others like him, were forbidden to practise their profession on the hitherto hospitable soil. Flurried by this catastrophe, Klimper made a precipitate "deal" in booming shares, the end of which was again disastrous. And just upon the close of the year, when he felt himself very cruelly hit, came the illness which kept him on his back for months.

While in hospital, he doubtless meditated not a little on the aspects of life; probably this time of suffering and forced inactivity must be taken into account when one comes to the events of a year or two later. But Klimper was at no time a thoughtless or vulgar-minded man; blackguard, gambler, bookmaker, he never typified his class. As he

drew towards middle age a certain gravity appeared in his speech, countenance, and manners—a placid, almost benevolent decorum, strangely at variance with his ways of making a living. Possibly the traits of some very respectable ancestor slowly worked to the surface, transforming him alike in body and in mind. It is no uncommon thing for a man to develop in this way long after the period of ordinary growth. Klimper at five-and-forty had so notably changed from the Klimper of ten years before that an old acquaintance, suddenly coming across him, would with difficulty have recognised the man.

However, when he rose from his sick-bed, he evinced no anxiety to begin a reformed life. It was even with a certain gusto that he returned to the turf and the gaming-table. But accident put in his way an opportunity of blending old experience and dexterity with an honourable function not at all distasteful to that side of his character which hitherto had been obscured. Happening to watch a game of cards at a certain proprietary club, he became aware that one of the players was cheating, and doing it so cleverly that no one else even suspected the fraud. The club proprietor being a friend of his, Klimper spoke to him in private of this matter, and was thanked for his pains. More than that, it was suggested to him that he should become, by secret appointment, protector of fair play in his friend's interest. The club had a good name; its founder was resolved to keep it "respectable"; and who more competent than Klimper to keep an eye on suspicious persons, to play discreet detective in the card-room? Terms were agreed upon, and Klimper assumed his office.

He discharged it with wonderful zeal and success. A score of years spent among gamblers of every species, in many parts of the world, had rendered him familiar with all the refinements of blackleg ingenuity; he had but to watch and to spot his man. At the same time, his dignity of person, his sober speech, his admirable tact in delicate situations, safeguarded him against unfavourable notice from the members of the club. At this time he allowed his beard to grow, and it assumed a grizzled amplitude sufficient in itself to inspire respect and confidence. It might well be that a sense of judicial authority, of power exercised in defence of truth and honour, subtly affected his whole being. He was still a betting-man, but not as formerly; his transactions were performed in strict privacy, and he never spoke of them. At the club, though facilities of gain constantly appealed to him, he played very little, and never exerted himself to win. Disreputable habits lost their savour for him; he found it comparatively easy to live on a modest income, and grew indifferent to his aims of only a year or two ago.

Naturally, he had no sincere. Respectability and gaming for coin are not very congruous characteristics of a proprietary club. Again and again the bland detective smiled at his prescient skill when some gentleman whom no one else would have mistrusted condemned himself under that remorseless scrutiny. And there was never any scandal; a great part of Klimper's office consisted in the avoidance of such unpleasant necessity. He waited his occasion, perhaps for a few minutes, perhaps for some days. Then the gentleman whose proceedings could not be tolerated found himself, he scarce knew how, in pleasant, frank colloquy, of the most private nature, with the other gentleman so honourably distinguished by his grizzled beard. Such conversations were never long, and they always had a satisfactory issue. In general, the fraudulent gambler disappeared. If another chance were granted him, he very rarely abused Mr. Klimper's lenience.

In one member of the club Klimper felt a strong interest. This was a good-looking and gay young fellow, supposed to be very well off and to have excellent prospects. He played a good deal, and with a proficiency which made Klimper uneasy. He drank, too, and club-gossip associated his name with that of a lady whose influence over him could hardly be maternal. Klimper tried now and then to put himself on terms of closer acquaintance with this young man, but unsuccessfully. Feeling, in a strange way, that his experience, his character, might be invaluable as a protection to one whom he instinctively liked, and who was in obvious need of guidance, the ex-gambler, ex-blackguard had no choice but to keep aloof and anxiously observe the course of things. Before long he knew that the case professionally concerned him. Yet he did not act; for the first time he had a difficulty in deciding how he should proceed. Again the young man betrayed himself to the unsuspected observer, and now duty called aloud. After five minutes' troubled reflection, Klimper took his measures. With unusual difficulty he procured a private interview. It was more painful than he had foreseen, and it lasted for an hour.

The evening papers of next day announced that this young man had committed suicide. He must have done it as soon as possible after leaving the club. Klimper did not allow it to be known that the poor fellow went away, for good reasons, in a mood of shame and desperation; nor did he like to remember what had passed in that private room.

A few weeks later, the grave gentleman with the long beard chanced to pass by a public hall where, as was announced by posters at the door, someone or other would that evening address young men on the subject of betting. He stood a while in meditation. When the hour came, he had returned; he sat among the audience (or congregation, for the proceedings had a religious character), and listened very attentively. This occasion marked the turning-point towards which Klimper's life had insensibly been directing itself. He resigned his office at the club; he abandoned for ever his old haunts, his old practices. And nowadays he is well known in a part of London where he supports himself by a monotonous pursuit as an ardent lay preacher who is never so impressive as when he denounces the vice of gambling.

AUSTRALIAN CRICKET TEAM FOR ENGLAND.

Not the least important thing in connection with the visits of Australian cricketing teams to England is the appointment of a manager. The last team that came over was a painful example of the ill effects



MR. HARRY MUSGROVE.

Photo by Talma, Melbourne.

caused by bad management. The average Australian, with the democratic spirit bred in him, is an independent, unrestrained, impulsive soul, and, in the course of a long tour, it is only natural that he should disregard discipline and the general good of the team on occasions. During the last visit to England, concord was not the most distinguishing feature of the team—in fact, the bickerings between the manager and various members of the team were kept up for some months after the return to their native heath. It was a sad thing to behold, this lack of accord, and the cricketing public and authorities in Australia determined to place a gentleman in charge of the next team possessed of experience in the conduct of tours, and, besides, of tact, good-temper, a knowledge of cricketing conditions, and a genial manner. Accordingly, the position was

advertised all over Australia for some months, and when the Australian Cricket Council came to make a selection at Christmas, they found that thirty-two gentlemen had considered themselves possessed of all these qualifications. The choice, however, was narrowed down to three—Harry Boyle, R. McLeod (both of whom have been to England with former teams), and Harry Musgrove. The choice fell on the last-named, for many and good reasons, as we shall show, and there is scarcely a cricketer in the Colonies who would object to the appointment. Mr. Musgrove is not only well known throughout Australia as a theatrical manager who, for many years, has conducted innumerable tours with conspicuous success, but he is also known as an enthusiastic cricketer, thoroughly popular, and in every way well fitted to manage the finances, as well as the men who will be in his charge. Born at Kingston-on-Thames, Mr. Musgrove went to Australia when he was very young, so that he may almost be regarded as an Australian. He is a brother of Mr. George Musgrove, partner in the firm of Williamson and Musgrove, the leading theatrical managers of Australia; and he has been associated with his brother in the management of the numerous stage-ventures undertaken by "the firm," as they are popularly known throughout the Colonies, for many years past. His duties have consisted chiefly in conducting the tours of the various companies sent out by "the firm," and in this capacity he has not only travelled all over Australia and New Zealand many times, but he has had some very difficult players to deal with. When E. J. Lonnen, Alice Lethbridge, and other members of the Gaiety Company were in Australia, Mr. Musgrove had charge of ninety-four people, sixty of them females, for six months; and, to say that he took this large company, and particularly the ladies, round the vast continent of Australia successfully, and without the least unpleasantness, is ample testimony of his capacity for dealing with men—and women. On one occasion, Mr. Musgrove accomplished the smart feat of taking a company of eighty players from Melbourne to Brisbane—about a thousand miles—and losing only one night's performance. The company left Melbourne on a Friday night, and opened in Brisbane on the following Monday. But it is as a cricketer that Mr. Musgrove's selection as manager will be found to be particularly appropriate. Although, of late years, he has not figured very frequently or prominently in the cricket-field, owing to pressure of theatrical work, he was, ten or twelve years ago, one of the prettiest bats in the Colonies, and as, since his appointment as manager, he has been getting into form again, he will be found a valuable man to fall back upon during the tour, should his services be required. In 1884 he made a rather remarkable first appearance against an English eleven. Playing for Ballarat, he put on 109 at the first attempt. After that he was selected to play in one of the test-matches between Australia and England, and his services were also requisitioned for Victoria against New South Wales. Mr. Musgrove has great wrist-power, and he can send the ball out of the ground without the least apparent effort.*

Why does not the literary genius who wrote the famous address of the English authors to the American authors own up? At the recent meeting of the Society of Authors a statement was hazarded as to the authorship of this much-debated document; but the officials of the Society were silent. Why all this hide-and-seek? It is unusual to find such a masterpiece of English prose remaining anonymous on account of the bashfulness of the writer.

* Since the above came to hand from an Australian correspondent, we have received the announcement that Mr. Musgrove has resigned for private reasons.

A FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALLER.

In course of conversation with an old-time footballer of light and leading, the question arose some time since who was the most dangerous three-quarter in attack within his recollection. Three names of earlier years were most discussed, those of L. Stokes, G. C. Wade, and W. N. Bolton, and three of later days, those of A. J. Gould, R. E. Lock, and H. T. S. Gedge. I looked-up the last-named (writes a *Sketch* representative)—

"You are, I believe, Mr. Gedge, a Scot born in England?"

"I was born on Aug. 19, 1870, in London, which, I am given to understand, is in England. I am, therefore, as you suggest, qualified by birth for England."

"Yes, and your godfathers and godmother, &c?"

"Named me Henry Theodore Sydney."

"Your football training was all Scottish, I understand?"

"Yes, entirely. I entered Loretto in 1880, when ten years of age, and remained there until 1890, a very fair slice of one's life."

"Athletics are highly developed in your school, are not they?"

"Loretto is a school for play as well as for work. Every boy is obliged to do his proper amount of athletics. The school dress is adapted to turning to sports at once. No one is excused from practice of the several games without due reason."

"Did you come early to the front in football and cricket?"

"Of course, I was quite a youngster for my first half-dozen years at Loretto. In 1887 I got into the cricket eleven, and retained my place during the years '88, '89, and '90. In the last year I was captain. My first year with the first football fifteen was 1888, and I also played in '89 and '90. I never was captain of football."

"It was in 1890 that you went up to Oxford?"

"Yes, and entered at Keble. I played for my college at once, but did not get my University Blue until 1893, the year in which I left Oxford."

"But you had already obtained your Blue for athletics?"

"I ran in the hurdles against Cambridge in 1892 and 1893. In the latter year I finished dead-heated with E. L. Collis, who was also a Keble man. That season Oxford won the sports by seven events to two. Our time was 16 2-5 sec."

"You were, I know, good all-round at athletics; will you give me some definite idea of your performances?"

"My best time for a sprint was in a hundred yards race, when, with four yards start, I was first in 10 1-5 sec. In the long jump my record was 20 ft. 8 in., and in the high jump I got over 5 ft. 4 in."

"While you were at Oxford, you had played for Fettesian-Lorettonians and London Scottish?"

"Oh, yes! I have been a member of London Scottish from 1890."

"And when did you first play the four three-quarter system?"

"At Oxford, in the season of 1892-93, with Conway-Rees. I might have had my Blue that year, for it was in contemplation to play four in the University match; but the intention was abandoned, and at the last moment I did not get my Blue."

"Do you prefer the three or the four three-quarter arrangement?"

"Personally, I prefer four. But I think it is overdone. It is not good for a club to adopt the four plan unless there are men who can play the proper game. For example, in the match between London Scottish and West of Scotland on Dec. 24, 1894, G. T. Campbell, D. D. Robertson, and myself effectually stopped four three-quarters on the other side. Nor were we unable to score with only three men, for the match was won by our side by five tries to nil."

"How do you think the new system affects forward play?"

"Most prejudicially. It is entirely altered, and, to my mind, greatly spoiled by constant heeling-out in the anxiety to get the ball out to the backs. There may probably be a revival of the old thoroughgoing scrummaging, and, indeed, the old sort of hard-working forwards are still playing the game with great success in Scotland. How it works when properly followed out you saw at Richmond last season."

"You won your international cap in 1893-4?"

"Yes; I played in all three matches that season for Scotland against England, Wales, and Ireland. I was unable to play, although chosen, last season, through an accident."

"Your views as to the future of the game would be interesting?"

"The greatest hindrance to the well-being of football is the spectator element. That is to say, the spectator who comes not for the love of the game, but to get his money's worth. This class of onlooker is catered for and consulted with a view to the takings at the gate. Gallery-play is one only of the evil results which accrue. Professionalism is a worse, but not less natural, outcome. I feel sure that, if the cult of the spectator is allowed to continue, it will extend to the ruin of the game."

"Professionalism would mean the extinction of the game?"

"No, I do not say that; but it would involve the substitution of a business for a sport, and consequently take from the game all that makes it worthy to live."

"I should like to know your height and weight?"

"My height is five feet eleven inches, and my present weight twelve stone twelve pounds."

"What do you think of the class of football in the Midlands?"

"It is certainly not of the same class as that of the best London teams, though our club here at Rugby did very well a little time ago in defeating Old Merchant Taylors. But I fancy, if the game had gone on a little longer, the positions might have been reversed, for they had the best of it in the second half."



MISS WINIFRED HARE AS BOY BLUE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, MANCHESTER.

THE FUNICULAR RAILWAY AT VESUVIUS.

With the advent of winter, the stream of visitors to the Sunny (and one might add sardonically, the windy) South has again set in, and all the best train-services will now be taxed to their utmost capacity. One of the favourite places of interest to which this stream inevitably flows is, of course, Naples; and it is ever likely to remain so, because that city



THE CRATER.

touches the man of culture at so many points—the historical, the archaeological, the picturesque—to say nothing of the study of humanity, of which it affords so many opportunities. And while there are enough places of interest in Naples or the district to occupy weeks of the traveller's time, there are two of supreme importance, namely, Vesuvius and the Ruins of Pompeii.

Before one can get to the Vesuvius Railway, from Naples there is a journey of fifteen miles, which can best be performed by carriage. The drive affords a variety of views of the city and suburbs, and is *via* Portici, Resina, and the Observatory, to the restaurant and railway station at the foot of the line. The road ascends gradually, among orange-groves, vineyards, and luxuriant foliage, with, all the while, ever-changing views of the glorious plain and Bay of Naples. There is no mistaking the way, for there is the mountain, showing a pillar of smoke by day and of fire by night. Excellent breakfasts or dinners can be obtained at the restaurant, at reasonable charges, a printed tariff being circulated in the dining-room and at the railway station. At the latter point we are more than two thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level.

The peculiarity of the Vesuvius Railway is found in its construction, which consists of wooden stringers laid longitudinally, and carrying a single rail, upon which ride the central wheels of the car. There are, however, two other rails, placed on each side of the sleeper, near its base. These side rails are laid at an angle, and are adapted to wheels the axles of which project from the floor of the coaches, and bear closely against the rails on each side of the sleeper, thus keeping the carriage firmly upright. There are two tracks, each being provided with two endless cables, which consist of steel ropes with hempen cord, seven-eighths of an inch in diameter, and constructed of six strands, each composed of



THE STATION.

eight wires. To the cars the cables are attached by grips retained in position by springs, to which are connected automatic brakes, by whose action the cars can be held securely in case of accidents to the cable or the driving machinery. The arrangement of the two cars with which the road is provided is such that, as one descends the other is drawn to the summit. Should the weight of the descending car overbalance that of the car going up, the brakes with which the trains are equipped regulate the speed of the machinery. The cars are so contrived that the passengers sit comfortably on horizontal seats with a level floor beneath their feet. The journey up or down only occupies twelve minutes, and the carriages hold about a dozen passengers. The trains run at frequent intervals, according to the number of people making the ascent.

The upper station is 1300 feet from the lower one, and the gradient is from 40 to 63 per cent. This is much greater than many of the Swiss mountain railways. Take, for example, the Pilatus line. In that case the gradient is only 42 to 48 per cent., while the Righi Railway is only 1 in 4. On the other hand, these lines are much longer, and ascend in a spiral fashion. The Funicular Railway at Vesuvius is only 896 yards long. The cars are open at the sides, and are not unlike the tramcars one sees in the summer-time in Brussels and other Continental cities. The passengers are thus able to get a good view, which they cannot fail to enjoy, if not too nervous at the giddy height they have reached. To some it is bound to be in a double sense a time of suspense—suspense in mid-air, and also of a mental character. Yet there is not the slightest danger, the brakes being of a very powerful nature, and the line being continually looked after by experts.

This railway was constructed in 1880 by a company, and is thus older than a good many of the Swiss lines of a similar kind. Although



THE CAR.

backward in some railway matters, we are bound to state that in others the Italians have pushed ahead, and, as a case in point, we may mention that they issued cheap circular tickets over their chief lines more than twenty years ago—which was long before many of their Continental neighbours were keen enough to see the advantage of thus attracting the money-spending English and Americans.

In 1889, the line was purchased by Mr. John M. Cook, head of the firm of Thomas Cook and Son, the well-known tourist managers, and it is still his property. It is not given to very many to be the possessors of a railway, and, still more, of one in a foreign land. Prior to Mr. Cook's purchasing the line, the service was badly worked, and, above all, the travelling public were subject to such extortion that the ascent of Vesuvius was an expensive and irritating enjoyment. The traveller was beset and pestered by touts and so-called guides, who gesticulated in such an energetic and unfriendly manner that there was no other course but to buy them off as you might banditti—for you could not forget that you were so far from the level highway and so near to the burning mountain that the loss of cash might be the lesser of two evils. To abolish this state of things was a distinct public service, and this Mr. Cook has done. The intense opposition of the lower class of Neapolitans to improvements which might trench upon their power to mulet the public is seen in the fact that in numerous instances the Government has had to refrain from making piers at various places on the coast, and, in consequence, people have to land from the steamers in small boats, at great inconvenience and extra expense.

There are many, of course, who condemn the making of all these mountain railways, on the ground that they vulgarise Nature's grandest productions. But, whatever may be said, there can be no doubt that they have, in the popular phrase, "come to stay." One hopes that this is true "literally," at any rate, because, if the reverse were the case, deep and steep would be the fall thereof. Whichever view one takes, however, of the vulgarisation theory, Mr. Cook is not to blame in this particular case, for he found the railway there, and simply bought it and improved all the arrangements connected with it, to the great benefit of the travelling public.

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SOCIETY ON CYCLES.

When to light up:—To-day, 6.34; to-morrow, 6.35; Feb. 28, 6.37; Feb. 29, 6.38; March 1, 6.39; March 2, 6.40; March 3, 6.41. When to extinguish:—To-day, 5.55; to-morrow, 5.53; Feb. 28, 5.50; Feb. 29, 5.48; March 1, 5.46; March 2, 5.44; March 3, 5.42.

The spring-time is coming, and the cycling season will be upon us. I have reason to know that during the ensuing summer there will be more machines in use than ever before. I would just like to offer a few words of advice to those about to become disciples of the flying wheel. Above all, let it be borne in mind that the lightest machine is not necessarily the fastest. When lightness is attained at the cost of rigidity, the



A LADY RIDING THE ELSWICK CYCLE.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

machine will be much less valuable than one some few pounds heavier. Again, beware of second-hand machines. They may be cheap, but, like most cheap things, they are the dearer in the long run. It is far better to pay a good, but not, therefore, an expensive price. A narrow tread is also preferable, and do not forget to see that the pedals are of the right width for your shoes, and that they are furnished with oil-holes. I will return to the subject in future numbers.

Is it not time that ladies were permitted to cycle along the public roads unstartled at? It is, to say the least, irritating to a maiden to have these uninvited "audiences." Even gentlemen stop stock-still in the street to gaze at the unique and astounding spectacle of a feminine rider. To their credit be it said, the ladies, for the most part, preserve a contemptuous unconsciousness of the impression they make.

According to H. L. Wenner, M.D., Tiffin, Ohio, bicycling broadens the horizon of our lives, for by it we can see more country, be in more places, meet more people, at less expense than in any other possible way. It binds pleasure to business, and joins education to profit, to the immense advantage of all. So it does. In short, it makes life worth living, as all riders know.

Much sympathy will be expressed with Mr. Round, M.P., who, the other day, had the misfortune to be knocked down by a bicycle in Kensington Palace Gardens, one of his arms being broken. It was, of course, a pure accident, with no blame attaching to the rider; but I would like to take this opportunity of reminding cyclists in general that the roadway is as much the property of pedestrians as of wheelmen. Among certain riders, I am afraid, there exists a misunderstanding that nothing but "rolling stock" is permitted between the kerbs, and cyclists, therefore, consider it their legal right to go "scorching" along the public roads without any regard to the safety of walking persons.

Mr. Round has, in his time, earned much fame as an athlete, securing his colours at Eton and his Blue at Oxford for cricket, his wicket-keeping being regarded as quite first-class. Owning a large property near Colchester, he is much respected as an Essex squire.

It cannot be said that Mr. Akers-Douglas has endeared himself to cyclists in his late declaration. He has refused to allow cycling to take place in Hyde Park after mid-day, when the whole road-capacity of the park has to be reserved for carriages and horses. This at once knocks on the head the theory that the pneumatic is rapidly ousting the common or roadway steed as a means to progression. For the life of me, I cannot

see why, if perambulators are permitted on the public pavement, cycles should be debarred from the road. Surely it will not be argued that cycling frightens the horses.

I understand that Mr. and Mrs. Drew, the son-in-law and daughter of Mr. Gladstone, are devoted disciples of the wheel. At Biarritz recently their graceful riding elicited much admiration.

I am told that a cycling-match, over a distance of ten miles, has just been ratified between the Marquis of Queensberry and Mr. Lawes, the famous sculptor. If I remember aright, Mr. Lawes is the gentleman who won the Diamond Sculls at Henley some years ago, as well as the Mile Championship at Cambridge.

Mr. Balfour must now be regarded as quite a frisky, frolicsome athlete. His passion for golf is well known, and now it is said that the popular Leader of the Government is steadily acquiring eminence upon the machine. He has, I am informed, just purchased a Sparkbrook Grand Roadster, with which he is well pleased.

According to Max O'Rell, nothing but heaven can be prettier than an American girl on her cycle. Will this compliment be sufficient for the American girl?

It seems to be a prevalent idea that the machines utilised by royalty are, so to speak, gilt-edged affairs. The Duke of York does, in fact, ride a bicycle painted a brilliant navy-blue; but, in the main, there is little difference between the machines used by the highest people in the land and by those lower in the social scale. The Princess Louise, the Marchioness of Lorne, disports upon a bicycle enamelled in a plain, dead black.

I am informed that the annual supper of the Mid-Surrey Cycling Club is to be held at the Bay Tree, Merton, to-morrow evening. Supper will be served at 7.45, following which the prizes will be distributed, and, after that, the inevitable smoking-concert.

More news from San Francisco! A lady was recently arrested for appearing in the street in knickerbockers. The judge decided that "knickerbockers were not a suitable garment for a woman to wear in a public place," and went on to unofficially advise the erring one that, hereafter, if she must wear trousers, she will be safe in arraying herself in baggy bloomers. They take life very seriously in America.

The accompanying photograph shows a tourist party who, some time ago, enjoyed some delightful experiences. The group was "taken"

E. H. Jones. Mrs. A. Goodwin. E. Hughes.



E. West.

A. Goodwin.

Photo by G. Martin, Warwick.

under the shadow of Warwick Castle. Mr. A. Goodwin is the genial manager of the Holborn branch of the "Swift" (Coventry) Company.

Mr. E. Boulnois, M.P., is strongly against the idea of a cycle-tax. A Kidderminster councillor says that people who can afford income-tax should pay a cycle-tax, if there is to be a tax at all. **OUTRIDER.**

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"OLD MAIDS AND YOUNG."*

Most of us differentiate our world of men and women according to some theory of our own, making divisions that a strictly scientific mind would reject as illusory, or overlapping, or incomplete. Miss Keeling divides hers into Celts and not Celts. A little rough and ready, maybe, this method—as rough and ready as my statement of it—but marking quite as reasonable a distinction as any other humanly unscientific line of demarcation. Half the amusement in the world consists, she thinks, in contrasting those who assume the Celtic attitude towards life, and speak the Celtic speech—which is not a matter of language, dialect, or brogue—with those who do not. There is a Celtic attitude, very distinguishable, and there is a Celtic manner of speech. Not many examples are necessary. One will serve, as here; for Miss Keeling herself makes another. She always counts as a personage in her own books. There is no hostile feeling at the root of this distinction. Quite the contrary. Most of her observations have been made, I should say, on Saxons. Her criticisms of these are playful, and her appreciation is hearty. Rotha and Miss Weir-Delamer, two interesting and widely dissimilar types of young Englishwomen, could hardly be more justly dealt with, and the justice is mellowed in one case with admiration, in the other with sympathy and humour. That the onlooker is always, and unmistakably, a Celt does not make the judgments harsh, only keen.

In fact, approval of the discipline of the Celt is carried to an extent that makes me, in one instance, indignant. The sunshine of the story is Bride Hale.

She was an Irishwoman, with a hot heart that showed in burning eyes and burning cheeks. She could not smile with her heart breaking: she was too childish, perhaps too unheroic. We are not all Greeks, whatever our poets may say. Some of us are Gaels, and it is not given to these to wear a face of happiness when in great misery. For merriment they have laughter; and they have tears for grief.

That suggests her sad moments. More often she is gay, and always she is charming. But she loves a prosaic young Englishman, who has longings after the sedate and learned Rotha. He marries Bride, however, and goes to India, she mysteriously preferring to be left behind. The mystery is solved by us in his absence, by him when he comes back, three years after, and finds on the table of his ignorant Bride the *Bucolics* of Virgil, and in the book an essay, in her hand, containing an estimate of the famous eclogues, "full of loving appreciation of her subject." I am glad she reached so far and pleasant a place, but the journey was a big price for a child of nature like Bride to pay for the good opinion of her priggish husband. She would, of course, have some sport by the way—trust her quick wits for that. In the first months of her career of study under the painstaking Rotha, she writes to her grandfather—

I know something of Euclid and Algebra, and am a force at the Browning readings. Browning is really a poet; you find it out when you read him in a myrtle-coloured gown, with your hair all off your face.

For anyone who knows Irish character by heart, perhaps Bride's portrait was not very hard to draw. Miss Weir-Delamer is better evidence of Miss Keeling's insight and good-humoured satire. I should spoil the description were I to give it in a summary.

Miss Weir-Delamer was one of those women who, one feels, ought to be always in an accordion-pleated garment, with a musical instrument. . . . She preferred standing to any other attitude, and, instead of leading her to a chair, one naturally led her to a curtain. . . . Except at table, she was rarely seen to sit, for she was one of those people who can recline on an ordinary four-legged chair. . . . Miss Delamer had always some new trick of the hour. The latest at the time here under consideration was to pretend that she did not see people when they were before her. . . . Bride . . . rose and approached her, but Miss Delamer flitted past her with no speculation in her eyes, and then proceeded to glide about the room. There was nothing new about the room, and Miss Delamer was not looking at anything that offered even a new aspect. Round and round it, keeping close to the walls, she went, making no noise, and only

pausing for moments, now at a window, on a portion of the woodwork of which she fixed miserable, tearless eyes; then before a door, at the keyhole of which she looked as much as to say, "There is more in you than that key." All this time Bride was being ignored. It was more than Irish flesh and blood would stand.

Let no one say this is mere exaggeration, who has watched the eccentricities of advanced circles any time these last ten years. Now, a satirist and nothing more, would have developed this amusing person on strictly eccentric and rather unpleasant lines. Not so here. Ellen, with all her affectations and poses, is sound at the core—loyal, generous, and self-sacrificing. Her love-story is wayward and of her own pattern. But you respect her; and to learn to respect eccentricity, coated by affectation, is to get a long way on in the philosophy of life.

The world where the maids, old and young, live, play, make friends, and love, is a youthful world. Miss Keeling, from preference, or wisely recognising her own limitations, does not deal with the storm and stress of mature and weary life. Even her old maids have reached a quiet time of hope—for others. The actual scenes of childhood are among the best; witness that of the story-telling, or the other, when Bride reads the newspaper, and Rotha is commentator. Her little people are real, because her sympathy does not drive her to idealise them. She knows, for instance, a child's cruelty. In Miss Onora's words, "God, mercifully, lets little children grow into women and men." But, apart from the children, hers is a land of youth. A good deal results from this. There is no puzzling over problems, the writer, perhaps, believing that there can be no general solution of such, or that they become problems through thinking of them with little humour and wit. A novel written by anyone belonging to the other race, and dealing with very modern young women, as this one mostly does, would have been full of them. An unconventional attitude towards life makes her accept the conventional over and over again, not from prejudice, but conviction. There is no kicking over the traces here of the kind we have been accustomed to lately. A scrap of conversation will serve better than my words to describe the atmosphere in which the book is wrapped.

"Can it be that you think me the sort of woman, John, who would go through life loving the husband of another?"

"I have heard it said that these things will not be controlled," John answered, not taking his eyes from the brave face, nothing in which bade him look away.

"So have I; but I know what I know in spite of that. As if there were anything," the proud mouth curled, "that could not be controlled by—"

Throughout it is an honest and a kindly book, very human, and,

in quiet fashion, very wise, with a sturdy belief, expressed in divers ways, that men and women have not one but many roots of the good plant in them. Says one of her characters—

"It seems Fleetwood had a theory that a man could always start afresh, if only another man would give him a hand, and folks would hold their tongues. If a few more men would take up the notion the world would be a better place."

And the words are characteristic of the robust charity that pervades the story.

I have spoken only of the young maids, not of the old ones, nor of the men. But the latter interest me less, because, I think, they interested their creator less in this book. For the others—it is best not to take the bloom off all the good things, so I shall leave readers to make for themselves the delightful acquaintance of Miss Onora and Miss Mariabella in their parlour behind the Canterbury book-shop. And as for the story, there are several, and not one of them chief over the others. There is some weakness in the narrative, and it shows itself very visibly at the beginning. But you look back on "Old Maids and Young" not as a story so much as an opportunity presented to you of meeting companionable and amusing persons, whom you feel sure you will meet again one day. They come out of the book, singly or together, to entertain you. They are not dependent for their life on the plot or on the support of the stage properties.

M.



MISS D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

More than once have I expressed the opinion that many of the Football Association laws would be all the better for alteration. Development of the game has brought with it a necessity for revision of some of the rules. And now I have the pleasure to record the fact that the national body has gone carefully into the whole matter, with the consequence that a fairly long string of amendments is ready to be submitted to the International Board for confirmation.

First and foremost, attention is to be paid to the goal-keeper. I am grievously afraid that too much "attention" is already being paid to him by sundry ultra-energetic forwards, with no regard to speak of for Nature's handiwork. If it is unpleasant to see a man deliberately sailing for another player who is standing peacefully between two posts, how much more unpleasant must it be for that selfsame player to have to receive the charge—and not to be permitted to retaliate! Therein lies the rub—in a euphemistical as well as literal sense. Every other player on the field may "get his own back," as the expression is understood; but the goal-keeper can be bowled over time and again, and rammed up against the net, and sandwiched between opponents—and he mustn't object. He, in this respect, is compelled to emulate the inevitable policeman at the mercy of the small boys.

By permission of the International Board, the goal-keeper in the future is to be exempt from a charge until he is either holding the ball or obstructing an opponent. This is a move in the right direction. It should always be our aim to foster and cultivate the science of football, and to, as far as is possible, eliminate the brute force from it. That is why I consider the laws relating to boxing also need revision. It is, to say the least, nauseating to see a ball scrambled into the net while the goal-keeper lies prostrate on the ground, absolutely incapable of raising a rebutting finger. This was permitted until the Board agreed that, before the custodian was charged he must be in actual contact with the ball. Even this was not deemed sufficient in the way of protection; hence the new proposed resolution to the effect that he must either be holding the ball or impeding—I presume wilfully—an opponent.

CRICKET.

Whatever may be the general record of Lord Hawke's team in South Africa, the brilliant victory achieved in the first International match will eclipse many disappointing performances. I must confess that I anticipated this match with a mixture of confidence and anxiety—confidence because I was assured that, if only they played up to form, the Englishmen must win; and anxiety engendered of a remembrance of the remarkably poor form Lord Hawke's cracks have shown on occasion.

The result of the match against Combined Africa was never in doubt from the start. The Englishmen made only 185 at the first attempt, but runs seemed very difficult to get, as the Cape players soon discovered; for they all fell for 93. At the second time of asking, Lord Hawke's team rattled up 226, thanks to a fine stand by S. M. J. Woods and A. J. L. Hill, two old and contemporary Cantabs, who made 53 and 37 respectively. Fry also kept up his consistency in batting by making 43 and 15, while Hayward, in the first innings, registered 30.

The sensational part of the match came when South Africa went in to get 319 runs to win. Lohmann, who in the first innings had captured seven wickets for 38, again went on first, with H. R. Bromley-Davenport, and only one change was deemed necessary, Hayward, who bowled for one over at the end, taking a wicket for nothing. The whole side were dismissed for a grand-total of 30, of which Lieutenant Poore, who seems to be able to tackle English bowling, contributed 10—needless to say, the only double-figure score on the side.

The man chiefly responsible for the wholesale slaughter of South Africa was George Lohmann, the famous old Surreyite. Those who knew Lohmann at his best were indeed sad at heart when that sudden illness compelled his residence at the Cape for two or three years, and to these people the brilliant form which the popular and dashing cricketer has displayed throughout this tour must be especially welcome. Lohmann followed up his seven wickets for 38 by taking, in the second innings, eight wickets for 7, one of the finest performances ever accomplished in cricket.

AQUATICS.

Now that it is definitely decided that Yale College, United States, is to send a crew over to England during the ensuing summer, with the intention of taking part in the Henley Regatta, a few words as regards the constitution of the team may not be out of place. First, I would like to express the fervent hope that there will be no such unpleasantness as marred the visit of Cornell College last year. We have every reason to expect the Yale men to be of totally different class from the rowers who represented Cornell. I do not wish to revive past troubles, but it may be as well to point out that, in respect to the claiming of a bye as a consequence of a regrettable mistake by an official, Englishmen's ideas of sportsmanship differ largely from American, if Cornell College be accepted as representative of the best class of American oarsmen.

So far as athletics are concerned, honours are equal as between Yale on the one hand, and England, as represented by the Varsityes, on the other. The battle in the boat may be taken as the decider, though I always consider a home team to start with a great advantage. There is

no doubt, as well, that the short course at Henley will be all against the Yale crew, as it was against Cornell. The "relaxing air" may also be said to favour the Englishmen. It is by no means certain that Cornell will not come over again also and endeavour to retrieve their reputation. But that by the way.

I understand that the men upon whom Yale can rely to furnish a Henley crew are Chadwick, Tweedy, McLaughlin, A. B. Smith, E. B. Smith, Hitchcock, G. Langford, Monks, Pattison, Longacre, Campbell, McGraw, Bailey, Sutphin, Whitney, Coonley, Judd, Cadwalader, Rodgers, Miller, Simpson, Wheelwright, Wilcox, Marsh, and Treadway, the last-named probably to be captain. Of these, the heaviest man is Rodgers, who weighs a trifle over 13 st., while there is none lighter than Wilcox, who is just 11 st. Of course, the race to be entered for is the Grand Challenge Cup. I wish Yale every success, and of one thing they may be certain, and that is a thorough English welcome.

GOLF.

A few days ago, Willie Fernie informed me that he is writing a book. This should be a fine opportunity for Fernie's enemies. The volume is to deal with the new system of teaching golf, and it is intended to make the work very elaborate, no fewer than thirty full-page illustrations being included.

The Bury Club, who have lost their popular professional, Harry Vardon, are, I am told, in quest of a new working green-keeper to take his place.

The following are a few golf fixtures for the ensuing week—

- Feb. 29—Timperley Golf Club: Captain's Cup, Monthly Competition.
- " 29—Cheadle Club: Fifth Winter Monthly Medal Competition.
- " 29—Didsbury Club: Monthly Competition for Mr. Beith's Prize.
- " 29—Ealing Golf Club: Medal Competition.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Very little interest has up to now been taken in future events, but several trials will shortly take place for the Lincoln Handicap, when matters may become more lively. Backers have short memories, and those who are backing Lesterlin for the first important handicap of the season must have overlooked the fact that the horse broke a blood-vessel when running for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, and it is just as likely as not that it will do the same again. With regard to the Grand National, the Lewes touts held Cathal in very mild esteem when the horse left there to go to Swatton's place. If Cathal gets the Aintree country with the weight he has to carry, and an amateur, too, in the saddle, many of the old authorities will be surprised. Why Not, I know, is favoured for the big steeplechase; and I hear that Easter Gift is being backed for the Lincoln Handicap.

Code telegraphy has been reduced down to a fine science. This is proved by the simple form in vogue for the sending of the Stock Exchange quotations daily to the provincial papers. But the smartest thing in coding I have heard of for some time was used by an enterprising firm for the despatch of the acceptances for the Spring Handicaps to the provinces. A key was sent to each paper beforehand, representing each horse's name by a letter, and when the official list was received only the horses not accepting were despatched from London by private telegraph rate, five letters representing one word. Thus, for fifteenpence the whole of the non-acceptors for the principal Spring Handicaps were sent off, and, needless to add, it did not take long for the messages to reach their destination.

I am very glad to hear that it is in contemplation at some of the older race-meetings to provide free stabling and fodder for horses about to run at the fixtures. Already this is done at Manchester, Alexandra Park, and Plumpton, and I think the rule should become general, as, after all, it is the horses running that provide big gates. Further, seeing what the railway companies get out of race-meetings, they might arrange better terms for the carrying of racehorses, and I certainly think one lad should be given a free ticket for each horse carried. It is well known that many meetings which are just now under a cloud would pay well if it were not for the excessive railway charges for horses.

Cross-country jockeys do not fare nearly so well as flat-race riders. There is not a professional cross-country jockey in England who makes £1000 per annum out of riding-fees, despite the fact that £10 is paid for a winning mount and £5 for a losing one. True, G. Williamson nets more than the sum named in a year, as he is riding abroad during each summer, and it can be rightly said of him that he earns all he gets. However, the ordinary cross-country jockey is lucky if he saves £400 out of his winter's earnings, and if he follows the meetings for amusement in the summer he has not much left by the time his work begins again. I could never make out why the National Hunt Committee never started a system of insurance for jockeys riding under their rules, whereby a professional could insure himself against accident or death. The idea could be put into motion through one of the enterprising insurance companies in a week, and the National Hunt Committee might easily have the premiums deducted from each jockey's earnings.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The Address has been voted, and this great Government, with a huge, if not too compact, majority, has cleared its first fence with the greatest ease. The Address used always to be a mighty stumbling-block to Lord Rosebery and his colleagues, but Lord Salisbury is in a different position. On the whole, however, the Government have not done so well in the verbal fence or debate as might have been expected. Next to Mr. Chamberlain's powerful and audacious speech on the Transvaal, the greatest score of the Session has been made by Sir William Harcourt, whose adroitness, quickness of verbal fence, knowledge of the forms of the House, and, above all, his wise and statesmanlike view of the American question, have given him a very great measure of strength on the Liberal side; and he has shown that, whatever happens to this Government, they will have to reckon with an extremely powerful critic. Mr. Asquith has done little, and I am afraid that the division of labour between the Bar and the House is going to cost him something, if not much, of the position he gained in the late Ministry. However, he is a sound, steady man, and he may be trusted to go right, do his work, and achieve such fortune as his star enables him to win.

THE IRISH LEADERSHIP.

Meanwhile, dramatic changes have been going on among the Irishmen. Mr. Sexton has done what everyone who knows Mr. Sexton expected he would do. He has many good qualities. He is eloquent, industrious, a demon for figures, his whole active life has been spent in the House, he is a really great orator and Parliamentarian. But he is the most sensitive of plants, a nervous, impressionable man, who could never stand the constant shower of fiery shafts which nimble-witted Mr. Healy would be for ever discharging at him. So he has retired to the *Freeman's Journal*, and, instead of Mr. McCarthy, we have Mr. Dillon. He, again, is the choice of the Anti-Healyite majority, of which Mr. Davitt and Mr. T. P. O'Connor are the lieutenants. He has been Mr. Healy's strongest opponent all through the internecine war which has been going on for many a weary month; but I think that, now Mr. Dillon is in the saddle, he will act as a statesman rather than as a partisan. He is a man of high character, as well as of very fine presence, and he is to-day a very different John Dillon from the man who used to lose himself now and then in a certain passionate discursiveness which, though it often touched, did not always impress the House. He is devoted to Ireland, he is sincere, and, though he is certainly not too friendly to Mr. Healy, he will endeavour to carry on things with his help if possible, and without needless irritation in any case. Of course, it is quite possible that we may have to deal with three absolutely distinct Irish Parties, one led by Mr. Dillon, another by Mr. Healy, and a third by Mr. Redmond. But monetary considerations, patriotic considerations, prudential considerations, will, I fancy, work against this fissiparous tendency. The Irishmen are drawing together in view and in remembrance of their differences, of the strength of their opponents, and the tremendously long row they will have to hoe before Home Rule comes to the front again as a practical Imperial policy.

A REVOLUTIONARY CHANGE.

For the rest, the Government are certainly not making their task an easier one. We have a budget of Bills—labour Bills, agricultural Bills, social Bills, and what not. Now, on top of it all comes a revolutionary change of procedure. The Government have actually laid hands on the Ark of the Covenant, the business of Supply. For the future, Supply is to be rigidly limited to twenty days, and any votes that may not have been passed at the end of the nineteenth day are to be promptly closed. Fridays are to be taken away from the private member, and the Constitutional privilege of discussing grievances before Supply is practically abrogated. And all this by a Tory Government which made its main electoral assault on the Liberals on the ground that they were Constitutional tinkers rather than practical reformers. On the whole, I do not think the proposals will get through in anything like their initial shape. Mr. Balfour has been very pleasant, very conciliatory, very charming—in a word—about them. But they raise a very serious point. They diminish the responsibility of the House of Commons; they increase the power of the Ministry; above all, they increase the power of the Cabinet Junta, consisting of Mr. Balfour, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, and the Duke of Devonshire, by which we are ruled. They, moreover, obviously expose the country to the awful situation of having millions on millions of money, including the great fields of military, naval, and civil expenditure, voted in a few hours. Strange to say, I believe that the feeling among Liberals about this proposal is not so strongly hostile as that of the Tories. The Constitutional Party does not like it. They think the scheme far too drastic; it savours of tampering with the Constitution, and there is a good deal of scepticism as to whether any really practical ends will be served. Then there is the root-and-branch opposition of the Irishmen, who will tolerate no kind of compromise, and will fight this new Parliamentary Constitution, for such it is, to the very death. This Session, at all events, no time will be saved by it, and, though it is possible that it may go through in amended form, with closure by compartments substituted for closure *en bloc*, that is the most the Government can hope for. It is strange, indeed, into what stormy seas this powerful Administration has suddenly been plunged. Rumours of war abroad, threatenings of a Constitutional struggle at home—what a comment on Mr. Curzon's feather-headed prophecies and all that disingenuous talk with which we have been deluged!

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Mr. Chamberlain's personality dominates the policy of the Unionist Cabinet. Whatever else one may say about Mr. Balfour's new Rules of Procedure, it is certain that they bear the mark of Mr. Chamberlain all over. The time-limit for Supply—a revolutionary proposal, and nothing else—is the most extreme thing ever suggested. When Mr. Gladstone guillotined the Home Rule Bill, we made a great outcry. When it was rumoured that he would close Supply, an unheard-of proceeding, we said frankly that it was intolerable, and it was not done. But here, in February, with no legislation of importance even begun, and August far distant, the Conservative Party are seriously asked to assent to a permanent closing of Supply on its nineteenth day. Well, times alter, and so does the House of Commons. If the new procedure succeeds, perhaps we shall be reconciled to it. But, if Mr. Gladstone or Sir William Harcourt had done this thing, there would have been a fine to-do. As it is only Mr. Chamberlain (for to him the responsibility will be attached by Lord Salisbury's followers), we just feel that certain matters must be swallowed.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SUCCESS.

I say that frankly; and yet I have no feelings of resentment towards the Liberal-Unionist leader. With a good many other Conservatives, I share the belief that Mr. Chamberlain gives a very good account of himself, and that the chances are that he may turn out right. He gives us sport, both inside and outside the House; and members of the House of Commons will do much for the man who gives them sport. Mr. Balfour, though we admire and love him, is too even-tempered for any keenness of interest to belong to what he may do. He will do the right thing; and even if it is the wrong one, he does it with an excess of politeness and amiability. But from Mr. Chamberlain we get what Lord Salisbury, too, gives in a slightly different manner—"blazers," our opponents call them; but, in fact, they are the brutal truths, which most of us would be inclined to suppress, and which only a very strong man can utter. Since Mr. Chamberlain became Colonial Secretary, he has attracted more and more Conservatives, especially among the younger men, to feel a new and genuine belief in him. His Colonial policy is splendid in theory, and his practice, so far, has been marked with energy and enterprise. On all hands he is admitted to have had a personal triumph in his dealings with the Transvaal disturbances. The most grudging opponent or follower is bound to confess that, unless something very startling turns up to contradict that opinion, nothing could have been wiser or firmer. Only on one point has Mr. Chamberlain's action been ever challenged, and on that he was clearly right. It is suggested that the publication of the despatch outlining Home Rule for the Rand was premature. But think for a moment. If the despatch had not been published before President Krüger's opinion about it was known, would it ever have been published? And would it have done any good if it had? The essential thing at that moment was to tell England and South Africa that, whatever the Boers might think, the Government would stand by the Uitlanders in their undoubted grievances.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

Mr. Gerald Balfour's failure to do anything for the Christian Brothers' Catholic schools in Ireland was a disappointment to many of us, but the Irish Secretary has failed in so conciliatory a manner that, curiously enough, his speech last week was well received on all sides. In common with the Irish Commissioners of Education themselves, I had thought that the Chief Secretary, by a stroke of the pen, could allow the grant to these Catholic schools, in spite of their refusal to do away with their "emblems" during school-time. These schools are admittedly doing splendid educational work, and it seems a great shame that the State, which does subsidise denominational education directly in Ireland, should withhold the grant from them. But Mr. Gerald Balfour says that he could not allow the Commissioners to make the grant as they desired (they are a mixed body of Protestants and Catholics), since it would amount in this case to an equivalent to the repeal of the conscience-clause in England. I cannot see that this plea is good, since the Christian Brothers admit none but Catholic children to their schools. However, the Government propose to include these Irish schools in the larger measures of educational reform which they intend to bring forward. It would be a great mistake to lose the opportunity. The demand of the Christian Brothers is a just one in itself, and the granting of it would be a proof of the Unionist Government's desire to manage Irish affairs on Irish lines where they do not conflict with Imperial necessities. By the way, the new Education Bill will not be the small thing foreshadowed by the *Times* as a mere matter of a few petty aids to the voluntary schools. The Government have a much wider scheme on hand, in which they will also deal with secondary education; and there will be plenty of material for criticism.

THE NUCLEUS OF REVOLT.

The makings of a new Conservative Fourth Party are already observable, including Mr. Lowther, Mr. Bowles, Mr. Gedge, and Mr. Seton-Carr. The new Rules have provoked many of the older Tories, and there is a state of readiness for revolt among a certain section of the party, which is curious at this early period in the Session. But I do not apprehend any real trouble. As the official Opposition counts for so little, it was inevitable that a real opposition of some sort, if necessary, within the Ministerial ranks, should be created. All that this means is that the Cabinet are not despots. There is a healthy, critical tone in the House, which counterbalances the size of the majority.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE GOWNS IN "GOSSIP."

Gowns and "Gossip," both beloved by the feminine heart, and forming, indeed, an inevitable and inseparable combination, are now to be seen at the Comedy, and lessons in the latest Parisian fashions—the teacher, Mrs. Langtry—can be taken every evening.

First, the fair instructress appears before us in a dress of mauve silk, veiled with mauve chiffon, which is finely accordion-pleated in the front



MRS. LANGTRY'S "PICTURE" DRESS IN ACT II. OF "GOSSIP."

and at the sides, though, at the back, it falls in plain folds, while the hem is bordered with ruchings and puffings of the same airy fabric, and three broad panels of exquisite écarlé guipure are arranged at each side. A pointed cape of lace is draped on the bodice with artistic carelessness, and, with the crossed folds of chiffon, is caught into a broad waistband of white satin, fastened at either side with a huge flashing paste ornament, while as to the sleeves, they are closely gathered over the shoulders and then form a soft puff to the elbow.

And then imagine a great, airily beautiful hat of pale-mauve lace straw, equal, as regards its solidity, to a spider's web, veiled with cloudy puffings and folds of tulle, which lightly cover the high bow-ends of the lace straw rising erect at the left side, where they are fastened with a buckle of diamonds; and last, and loveliest of all, one huge waxen-white gardenia, with its glossy green leaves, nestles at the back.

The costume is completed by a green-handled sunshade of white satin, patterned with a raised design, in velvet, of delicate lilac-blossoms and tender-pink roses, and made doubly notable by its great size.

Hat and sunshade are both alike typical of the fashions which are on their way to us, and which we shall enjoy in the summer; though for ordinary folks, with ordinary dress-allowances, "enjoy" is hardly the word to use in connection with those fragile hats, with their veiling clouds of tulle, for their charms cannot by any means be called durable, though I understand that, out of consideration for our purses, tulle of a special strength is being made—so for this we must be thankful.

Passing on to the beginning of the second act, we have to thank London and Messrs. Jay, instead of Paris and Worth or Laferrière, for a perfect morning-dress, with a skirt of palest blue piqué and a bodice of white glacé covered with an appliqué embroidery of blue taffetas glacé, while the vest is a foam of white tulle, bordered with a band of écarlé

lace. The embroidered sleeves are tight on the shoulders, and then break out into a sloping puff; and as to the waist-belt, it is the loveliest I have ever yet had the pleasure of meeting—even at Jay's—made as it is, of radiating points of emeralds and diamonds. The hat is a fitting crown to such a dress, its quaintly shaped brim, and high, flaring crown all made in drawn white tulle, while for trimming there are misty folds of white and black tulle, and, at the left side, one pale-blue ostrich feather, rising high and alone, strong in the consciousness of its own beauty, the last touch of colour being given by a cluster of pink roses, which nestle in one of the curves of the brim, just over the right ear.

The moral is obvious—we shall by no means escape from tulle, for both Paris and England have entered into a covenant with this new power.

A "picture" dress follows at the end of the second act, when the heroine of "Gossip" returns from having her portrait painted. It is a wonderful affair of pale salmon-pink satin, veiled with equally delicate chiffon, which again, in its turn, is covered with creamy, square-meshed net, which is arranged as an over-dress, the fronts and the hem bordered with a broad band of exquisite lace embroidered with glittering threads of gold. The elbow-sleeves are simply a mass of accordion-pleated chiffon, interspersed with insertion-bands of lace, and the neck is left slightly bare, the little chemisette being of finely gathered chiffon.

A daring dash of colour is introduced, in the shape of a waistband of brilliant nasturtium-coloured velvet, fastened at the left side in a large long-eared bow, and two loops of the same velvet imprison a great, loose bunch of violets on the right shoulder, while chains of tiny, flashing diamonds are caught up and festooned all over the front of the bodice, with most wonderful effect. Nothing could be a more perfect finish than a huge hat of black tulle, neither drawn nor puffed, though its airy folds are caught down in some mysterious way here and there. For sole trimming, there are seven enormous black ostrich feathers, three rising erect at the left side, while three more curve round the side, and one soft tip curls low down on the hair at the back.

And still there is more to come, notably, and first, a superb cloak of the palest blue satin, brocaded with giant tulips in faintest pink with tender-green leaves, the pink being repeated in the satin of the lining.



MRS. LANGTRY IN ACT III. OF "GOSSIP."

It has a tiny gathered yoke and a ruffled collar of pale-pink chiffon, with two or three black ostrich-tips peeping out here and there; and then there is a drapery of exquisite lace, and quaintly shaped shoulder-capes of lovely mirror velvet, its wonderful soft green shot with gleams of peachy-yellow, with now and again a suspicion of blue; and, as if this were not beautiful enough, it is further adorned with an appliqué border of lace wrought with gold.

When this thing of beauty is thrown carelessly aside, it reveals an evening-dress of almost quaintly original design. White satin is the material, and the centre of the full skirt-back is veiled with finely pleated net, bordered with a pleated ruche, while in front there are two panels of most elaborate embroidery, where bunches of shaded blue cornflowers, worked in finest silk, are enclosed in leaf-like scrolls, carried out in faint shades of pink and green, and fastened at the base with a true-lover's knot in gold sequins, the cornflowers themselves having a powdering of silver paillettes as a background. The bodice is perfectly plain, and the place of its fastening must remain an unsolved mystery; but I can tell you that at the left side there is an embroidered spray of cornflowers tied by a golden knot, while the waist is encircled by a band of mauve satin, and the *décolletage* in front is outlined with a touch of green satin ribbon softened by a ruffling of exquisite old lace.

And, of course, this bodice acts as a background for a blaze of diamond ornaments, and Mrs. Langtry's hair—dressed in the old distinctive style, to which she wisely remains faithful, while others crimp and wave and curl—bears the flashing burden of a diamond crown.

The last dress of all has a plain skirt of leaf-green glacé, brocaded in white with a lace-like design, and little primroses peeping out here and there. The soft fulness of the green chiffon and yellowish lace which form the bodice is drawn into a deep satin waistband adorned with four paste buttons, and a ruffling of lace heads the plain, high collar of satin ribbon, the elbow-sleeves being all chiffon puffings, which merge into little frills. But it was on the hat that I set my hopeless affection. Imagine it, with a brim of palest-green chiffon, finely accordion-pleated, and arranged in multitudinous frills, caught down at the left side by a cluster of dark-hued violets and snow-white gardenias. Then, in front of the green straw brim are set two goodly sized bunches of violets, one of which is honoured by the presence of a white osprey; after which, if you add a cluster of full-blown white roses under the brim at the back, you will have the picture complete.

But, before I can let Mrs. Langtry escape from you, I must tell you about her prize costume at the Niagara Carnival last week, for it was the most perfectly lovely gown imaginable—naturally, you will add, when I tell you that its birthplace was the Maison Jay.

It bore its name, "La Danse," writ large upon the front of the bodice in black velvet letters, that bodice of soft pink chiffon, embroidered with gold and pearls, and finished with braces of ermine, while from the shoulders floated scarves of white net and pleated pink chiffon, all a-glitter with gold sequins, the softly shirred sleeves themselves being absolutely tight-fitting. The skirt, too, was of the pleated chiffon, with a powdering of gold paillettes, and all round the hem went trails of pink roses, on one of which a black-skirted dancing-girl had found a temporary resting-place, another of her companions of the ballet having alighted on the right shoulder—still amid some roses—and the third and last being poised on tiptoe in the midst of the wealth of roses which composed the floral toque. The hair was powdered and dressed high, though two little curls had strayed on to the neck, and the mask was of fine black lace, made into the likeness of a giant butterfly, and sparkling with points of light, which, on closer examination, revealed themselves as minute diamonds.

Miss Skirving, who, by the way, is appearing with Mrs. Langtry in "Gossip," had an exactly similar dress, save that, as she represented Music, the front of her bodice was adorned with a bar of music, with black velvet notes, while black swallows took the place of the frivolous ballet-dancers; and Mrs. Langtry and Miss Skirving each carried a tall white wand, surmounted by an exquisite bouquet of roses and lilac, and connected with trails of leaves to a central trophy of flowers, which half concealed a pair of silver skates, while, to add to the beautiful effect, tiny electric lights flashed everywhere, like fairy will-o'-the-wisps.

And—but this is not the "Gossip" of the Comedy, though it may be gossip of another kind—as the wonderful tea-gown which Miss Calhoun wears in her big scene is still waiting to be described, we will give it the attention which it so well deserves.

It is an exquisite garment of shimmering silver brocade, made with the most perfect simplicity, and fastening over at the left side in wrap fashion, with two huge paste buttons, every movement revealing a glimpse of a petticoat of silken gauze striped with gold, and a lining of brilliant green glacé. The sleeves are unique, and therefore worthy of all praise, the arms being covered closely with soft folds of the gold-striped gauze, held in by a strap of the silver brocade edged with gold, while over their modest size come outstanding bands of the brocade, with edging of gold and lining of green, terminating at the elbow in a band of gold and silver galon. The collar is arranged in the same way with tabs of brocade and a huge ruffle of the gauze, and, altogether, this is an ideal tea-gown, as far as effect is concerned, though for the lounging luxuriousness of absolute comfort you must most distinctly look elsewhere.

Miss Skirving also has two charming "Jay" gowns, one of palest tan cloth, with a loose bodice of white satin, sewn with gold paillettes, and made beautiful with a radiating appliqué of sapphire-blue velvet, while the other has a skirt of black-and-white striped glacé, and one of Jay's perfect chiffon bodices, all soft whiteness, with a yoke of yellowish lace, and a great square collar of flashing jet, bordered with double frills of chiffon and lace.

FLORENCE.

ROUND ABOUT THE THEATRES.

"GOSSIP," AT THE COMEDY.

Plays, said the pessimist, are of three kinds—plays, bad plays, and very bad plays. I have no doubt as to which of the three categories should be the home of "Gossip." Yet concerning it I shall imitate the attitude of the sensible people of Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, or Disraeli, towards religion, and never tell. To me the new piece at the Comedy in some respects was very interesting—indeed, I was so lucky as to have my attention diverted from the stage during some scenes, because my mind was occupied by a sort of detective process. The programme announces "a play in four acts," by Clyde Fitch and Leo Dietrichstein, and then states, "The authors have made use of several suggestions found in a novel by Jules Claretie." Why should there be this discourtesy of omitting the "Monsieur," or "Mons.", or "M."?

Why the novel in question was not named it is hard to say. It is no crime to be unacquainted with the novels of M. Jules Claretie (otherwise Arsène Arnaud), no glory to have read "Le Prince Zillah," "Monsieur Le Ministre," "Le Million," &c., though it is but fair to add that his novels, as well as his plays and historical works, are of much cleverness, and that he has quite a respectable position among the modern men of letters.

Rumour tells me that "Gossip" has been much improved since it was presented at the Grand, which makes me feel grateful that Islington is outside the pale; to have seen it twice, and once when in a worse state than at the Comedy Theatre, would be too much for the critic. Yet the play, or certainly the performance, had its humours, even for those without the detective instinct. For instance, there are two American wives and two American husbands; the men have no accent and do not use American phrases; one of the wives has an intermittent Yankee intonation and a Stars and Stripes phraseology; the other has a slight accent throughout, but otherwise in speech is quite English. It must be admitted that Mrs. Langtry has some funny speeches, such that Mrs. Cummings is trying so hard to climb the social ladder that you can hear her climb. There is a comic scene when Mrs. Cummings and her daughter Clara come and present their vulgar condolences to the two ruined women, and offer to finance them if they will help to push them on in Society; and some of the best acting was done in this scene, for Miss Cara Daniels was very funny as Mamma Cummings, and Miss Esmé Beringer cleverly made her little part as the daughter effective.

Lately one has been able to speak heartily in praise of the acting in new productions: in "Gossip," however, the performance is poor. Mr. Stuart Champion did an able piece of work. Some of Mr. Leonard Boyne's passionate whispering was very effective, but it is regrettable to see that his mannerism of speech grows more and more marked; it is difficult to name an actor more irritating and attractive than he.

Mrs. Langtry had a typical Kendal part; it is conceivable that Mrs. Kendal could have made her scenes really interesting. Strange to say, Mrs. Langtry has grown far more amateurish in style than she used to be. In the third act her playing was as clumsy as the piece, and it was surprising to see how vulgar was the method of a woman really of birth and breeding. Of course, the papers are raving about her dresses, and the rumour of their splendour will attract many. To me they seemed ill-chosen, and instead of enhancing her beauty they almost nullified it. "Simplex munditiis" is a charming phrase, and so is "When unadorn'd, adorn'd the most," but they apply to the few, and Mrs. Langtry is one of them—her beauty, like good wine, needs no bush, and, to carry the figure with a trifling word-play, the effect of her splendid clothes is to hide her light under a bushel.

Mr. Herbert Standing is an excellent actor, but hopelessly miscast, and neither he nor Mr. Pigott, who can do good work, helped the play. Whether "Gossip" will have the fate of "Delia Harding," the one other work of similar style produced by Mr. Comyns Carr, remains to be seen, and there is no need to prophesy. It is certain, however, that the hold on the public of these works of intrigue, of which "A Scrap of Paper" is, perhaps, the best, is lessening. A not unnoteworthy fact is that from America came the foundation of "Les Pattes de Mouche," and that from the States is the latest effort at the use of a letter for a *coup de théâtre*.

"MRS. PONDERBURY," AT THE COURT.

Where is Mrs. Ponderbury's "Past"? people will be asking, seeing that the English "Madame Mongodin" has dropped her "past" in order to be presented at the Court. Certainly it is beyond me to guess why the title has been changed, unless to comply with the ultra-modern fury against the woman with a past. Perhaps it does not matter a rap; at any rate, the people will laugh as heartily at the Court as they did at the Avenue, and some more heartily. There are those who had greater pleasure in Mrs. John Wood than in the actress who, fortunately, is not dead, and, though not of the number, I laughed very heartily at the energetic humours of the famous low comedienne. I doubt whether many folk do justice to Mr. Charles Hawtreys, whose skill in forcing his part to his charming personal style seems to me very remarkable. It seems a pity that the parts of the newcomers could not have been strengthened, but one at least, Mr. Eric Lewis, had a chance of being amusing, as the young artist, and took full advantage of it. Miss Lottie Venne has worked up her part, as the Countess, prodigiously since the rather flat first night, and now makes matters exceedingly lively.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 9.

"BRUMS" AND MIDLANDS.

It is not until the North-Western and Midland Railways have held their half-yearly meetings that one can properly judge as to the experience of our great railway systems during the six months. Not only are these two roads our premier lines, but they traverse the districts most susceptible to the fluctuations of trade; and as they are almost always the final two meetings held, the respective chairmen are able to gather all the experience of the other companies in addition to that of their own, and thus give a sound and comprehensive *résumé* of the half-year's lessons.

Lord Stalbridge, at the North-Western Meeting, spoke some very useful and pointed home-truths about the question of railways and the agricultural distress, which is the matter that is attracting most notice at present in railway circles. Most of the companies have promised to do what they can in the way of reducing rates for agricultural produce, in deference to Mr. Ritchie's suggestion on behalf of the Board of Trade; but Lord Stalbridge shows no inclination to admit that the agricultural distress lies in any way at the doors of the railways, and we are glad to see how strongly he has spoken out.

Before the Board of Trade interfered, the directors had been making every effort to arrive at some understanding, on commercial lines, with the farmers and producers, but without success, owing to the pigheadedness of Hodge. The company sent round their canvassers into every agricultural district where they thought there was anything to be got, and instructed them to interview all the principal growers, farmers, and agricultural producers, and see if they could aid in assisting them and bringing traffic on to the railway. "They were informed that, by combination, they would necessarily be put in possession of lower rates than they would be by sending small parcels, but on that head their canvassers met with the greatest difficulty. The farmers did not see the use of it."

At the Midland meeting, Mr. G. E. Paget also protested vigorously against the idea that the railways squeezed the life-blood out of the agriculturist. He went into the question of rates, and showed that the farmer was treated with great generosity; and he struck out one very effective line of argument: "There was one other matter to be taken into account when they talked about agricultural depression in connection with railways, and that was the enormous benefit which the farming community derived from the payment by railway companies of parochial and other rates in the districts through which they ran. It was a question upon which they felt very strongly, and it was one which would come to the front, and would have to be reckoned with sooner or later."

We have no sympathy with the notion that railways are made to be bled by all and sundry, and in these two quotations we have given lies the crux of the matter. The farmer demands lower rates, and will not move a finger to deserve them; while all the time the railway companies are groaning under a yearly increasing burden of taxation, beside which the farmers' grievances are mere flea-bites. It is the railway companies that ought to be crying out.

THE OMNIBUS COMPANIES.

How Londoners would feel without the omnibus companies is difficult to conceive. Transit from point to point of the Metropolis is bad enough as it stands, but if it were not for the ubiquitous 'bus it would be virtually impossible to go anywhere or do anything. We have got so accustomed to finding a 'bus always coming along that it occurs to very few people to consider what an extensive organisation must be required for the perpetual supply of these indispensable vehicles at every active point in this gigantic congregation of houses we call London.



ALDERMAN JOHN POUND.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside.

The two chief companies engaged in the omnibus business are the London General Omnibus Company and the Road-Car Company. They are bitter rivals, as is inevitable, when we consider how keenly they compete at every few yards of the way and at every minute of the day. It is through this fierce rivalry that the public enjoys so much in the way of travelling facilities; so we can afford to smile benignly on both, and congratulate them on having each done so well during the past

half-year. The number of passengers carried by the London General during the second half of 1895 was nearly 74½ millions, while the total carried by the London Road-Car Company was 24½ millions. In all, therefore, a hundred million people, in round figures, were carried by both companies in the six months.

It will be seen that the London General, which was the first in the field, has retained the great preponderance of the business. During the half-year the running of its 975 'buses (which traversed no less than 11,500,000 miles) resulted in a profit on the working of £42,066, or some £6000 more than in the corresponding half-year of 1894. The result of the period, after making all deductions, is a repetition of the 8 per cent. dividend, while carrying forward £9080, as against £10,419 a year ago. Such a distribution cannot but be regarded as highly satisfactory, particularly in view of the fact that £7243 has this time been added to the reserve (which was not increased in the second half of 1894), bringing the total to as much as £120,000. It is the fashion to criticise adversely the directors, for shareholders dearly like to grumble; but, in view of these figures, it is impossible to avoid a tribute of admiration for the chairman, Alderman John Pound, and his colleagues, who succeed in making so much for the company out of the casual pence of the public.

Turning to the junior company, the London Road-Car, we find that the 328 cars it has been running have also done wonderfully well, the net profit on the half-year being £13,087, which is virtually the same as for the corresponding six months of 1894. After adding £3,227 to the reserve fund, bringing it up to £25,154, the directors have been able to distribute a 6 per cent. dividend and to carry forward nearly £4000. While this showing is not quite so good as that of the larger company, still it is by no means bad; and, considering how well-established and remunerative both companies now are, the shares appear by no means a bad investment, even at the ruling prices.

HUMBER PREFERENCE.

When the directors of Humber and Company, Limited, at the end of last year, put forward their scheme for the reconstruction of the company, their avowed object was to take advantage of a favourable opportunity for rearranging the capital, and so bringing it up to a point more nearly approaching the value at which it then stood. They expressed the belief that the scheme would "not only be beneficial to every shareholder in the market value of the shares, but also greatly add to the stability of the company." That was a very reasonable expectation; and if it has not yet been fulfilled to the letter, it is because sufficient allowance was not made for the eccentricities of shareholders. For each fully paid share of £5 the holder received (1) eight 6 per cent. cumulative preference shares, fully paid, of £1 each, and (2) ten ordinary shares, fully paid, also of £1 each. Moreover, part of the reserve fund was distributed, so as to make a bonus of £1 per share, which the holders could take either in cash or in the form of two preference shares, with ten shillings credited as paid up on each.

The ten shillings left uncalled on these bonus preference shares was specially earmarked for the purpose of paying off the outstanding debentures. It does not appear to have occurred to many of the shareholders what a strong position this arrangement gave to the new company. For a share of the nominal value of £5, they got £18 in the capital, and a bonus of £1 in addition. To a number of them who did not realise that their proportionate interest in the profits was just the same as before, it appears to have occurred that they could realise *as profit* a considerable proportion of the new ordinary, and retain the preference to represent their original interest.

Thus it came to be that attention was specially directed to the market in the new ordinary, and the preference were neglected. But now the merits of these latter are coming to be realised, and a demand for them is springing up among the investors who are in search of good Home Industrial investments bearing a fixed rate of dividend, reasonably secure, and yielding, on the purchase-price, something substantially better than the "sweet simplicity" of Two-and-three-quarter, soon to be Two-and-a-half, per Cent. Consols at 110.

Such requirements appear to be fulfilled by Humber preference shares. On the basis of the trading profits of the year to Aug. 31 last, there would be available for distribution a sum equal to the 6 per cent. required on the new preference shares, and 8 per cent. on the new ordinary, with a reasonable appropriation to a reserve fund. The dividend, it should be noted, is cumulative, so that holders are not dependent on the profits of any given year. Apart from that, there is behind them an amount of trading profit which appears to make the cumulative proviso somewhat unnecessary. At 1½, the yield to a purchaser would be fully 4 per cent., and, as that rate is not readily obtainable nowadays on a well-secured Home Industrial cumulative preference share, the conditions of Humber preference are well worth looking into while the yield is round about 5 per cent., where it is not likely long to remain.

TWO YEARS OF TWO PER CENT.

On Saturday, the 2 per cent. Bank of England discount rate attained the mature age of two years. From April 7, 1842, to March 13, 1845, the rate stood at 4 per cent., and on the latter date was reduced to 2½ per cent. But that period was an exceptional one. It was the period during which was granted the famous Charter of 1844, under which the Bank of England now acts; and we may therefore consider the change to 2½ per cent. in March 1845 as the first Bank rate under the present

conditions. Since then, there has not been a period approaching in length that during which the rate has stood at 2 per cent. And, so far as one can judge from present appearances, there is no reason to expect a change before the third year is well in progress. Trade is improving, it is true, and this must inevitably lead, in the long run, to a hardening of Money Market rates; but the position of the Bank of England is so strong that it can well afford a very important development of the discount market before the necessity even suggests itself of raising the minimum rate of discount.

It was on Feb. 22, 1894, that the Bank rate was reduced from 2½ to 2 per cent. The 2½ per cent. rate had only existed for three weeks, having been reduced on the first of the same month from the 3 per cent. basis which had been established on Oct. 5, 1893. As showing how abnormal have been recent conditions, we append a list of the number of changes per annum for the past twenty years—

Extent of Fluctuation.				Extent of Fluctuation.			
No. of Changes.	Highest Per Cent.	Lowest Per Cent.		No. of Changes.	Highest Per Cent.	Lowest Per Cent.	
1876 ... 5 ...	5 ...	2 ...		1887 ... 7 ...	5 ...	2 ...	
1877 ... 7 ...	5 ...	2 ...		1888 ... 9 ...	5 ...	2 ...	
1878 ... 10 ...	6 ...	2 ...		1889 ... 8 ...	6 ...	2½ ...	
1879 ... 5 ...	5 ...	2 ...		1890 ... 11 ...	6 ...	3 ...	
1880 ... 2 ...	3 ...	2½ ...		1891 ... 12 ...	5 ...	2½ ...	
1881 ... 6 ...	5 ...	2½ ...		1892 ... 4 ...	3½ ...	2 ...	
1882 ... 6 ...	6 ...	3 ...		1893 ... 12 ...	5 ...	2½ ...	
1883 ... 6 ...	5 ...	3 ...		1894 ... 1 ...	3 ...	2 ...	
1884 ... 7 ...	5 ...	2 ...		1895 ... nil ...	2 ...	2 ...	
1885 ... 7 ...	5 ...	2 ...		1896 ... nil ...	2 ...	2 ...	
1886 ... 7 ...	5 ...	2 ...					

These figures speak for themselves, and they are worth some study. A 2 per cent. discount rate, it will be seen, is quite in accordance with normal conditions, but its maintenance for two months used to be a notable incident. Now it has been the official rate for two years.

A POPULAR VISCOUNT.

In the company-promoting world there is no more familiar figure than that of Mr. W. R. Horncastle, whose business as an advertising contractor for many of the most influential groups of City financiers seems to increase from year to year. The King of Portugal has created



MR. WALTER R. HORNCastle.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside.

Mr. Horncastle a viscount, and, to celebrate the twenty-fifth year of his business life, a complimentary dinner was given to the new Portuguese nobleman by a representative gathering of the London and provincial Press. Mr. Horncastle, who is able to undertake the largest contracts, and carry them out to the satisfaction of his patrons, received the heartiest congratulations of all present. We sincerely wish the City contained more of his kind, and we echo all the good wishes that were showered upon him on Tuesday last, to say nothing of illuminated addresses.

THE NEXT BOOM.

Rhodesia is—well, not played out, perhaps, but in the shade. Western Australia awaits crushing returns, and, meanwhile, men's eyes are looking about for the next boom. If half the gossip that is flying from mouth to mouth be true, it is to New Zealand that we must look, for not only are we to be favoured with a big London and New Zealand Exploration Company, under the auspices of an important firm of brokers, but even the great house of Rothschild is supposed to be behind the New Zealand Goldfields, a company not yet registered, but whose £1 shares are said to be all placed with a powerful syndicate at thirty shillings each, and in which we all know active dealings at 1½-2 are going on inside the Stock Exchange.

It is early days to say much about it, but straws show which way the wind blows.

Saturday, Feb. 22, 1896.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

HUGGINS AND CO., LIMITED, is offering £200,000 4½ B debentures at 102. In these days the offer looks tempting, and the company is such a sound one that, although we dislike second debentures, we are sure our readers would make money out of this issue.

THE LAKE VIEW AND BOULDER JUNCTION GOLD-MINES COMPANY, LIMITED, is offering 100,000 shares for subscription. The concern will have £30,000 and 20,000 reserve shares for working capital. The board is certainly composed of men who have great mining experience, and but for the fact that the whole thing is admittedly a "prospecting show," we should think well of it. There is too much flotation, or attempted flotation, of unproved ground going on at present, and we think our friends will do well to let other people run the risk of proving the ground.

HANNAN'S SOUTH BROWN HILL GOLD-MINES, LIMITED, is offering 63,000 shares to the public. We do not like anything about the concern, and it seems to us quite certain, if the map goes for anything, that the famous lode which runs through the Brown Hill lease cannot be found in this ground. Wise men will let the concern alone, and before the allotment is made there is always time to withdraw.

THE EXETER TEIGN VALLEY AND CHAGFORD RAILWAY COMPANY is issuing 10,000 shares of £10 each. We have seen so much disappointment and loss over the shares of small local railways that we confess we approach an issue of this kind with distrust, nor does the map increase our respect for the prospects of the concern. If local people like to find the money, we have nothing to say; but we strongly urge outsiders not to subscribe, remembering the fate of the Devon and Somerset, the Somerset and Dorset, and a host of other financially unfortunate concerns. In any event there is not likely to be a good market for the shares.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

D. M. I. (Salisbury).—We are sorry we cannot think the photograph of your Stock Exchange buildings is of sufficient general interest to publish.

FACTA.—Your letter was addressed to the "Editor," and not to the "City Editor," hence the delay in answering you. We still advise you not to invest any money with the people you name, who carry on a sort of arbitrage business—or profess to do so—between various towns in the States. There is no reason why you should not cash their cheques, and take any money they are good enough to send you. It seems to us splendid business to get interest without any risk.

C. N. B.—We wrote to you fully on Feb. 18.

S. J. C.—(1) No. (2) Yes. (3) Yes; but, like all promotion companies, speculative. (4) and (5) are very good, but you cannot expect dividends before the end of the year. With the first activity in the West Australian Market these shares will rise. We think Burbank's shares cheap, but the company's battery will not be at work for two or three months, and the shares may be cheaper before the rise comes.

R. C. S.—We wrote to you on Feb. 21, and sent the last report of the company. There is very little market for the debentures, and we hear of two orders to buy which cannot be executed because there are no sellers. We are still in your debt two shillings.

SAFETY.—We cannot advise you. To buy Consols at 110 seems absurd, and we would rather sell a "bear" for our own money.

W. G. M. AND T. W. L.—We answered your letters on Feb. 22.

VINDEX.—Send us the contract. Everything turns on it, for unless there is a special stipulation about cover you can clearly recover. The best thing would be for us to put you into communication with a solicitor of standing in the City, who has made these same people disgorge before on several occasions to our certain knowledge.

W. H. B.—We think the sooner you give up your friend's tips the better for your pocket. If you want to buy something, why don't you deal in shares that you can sell, such as Hannan's Oroya, Corsair Consolidated, or the numerous other things we have recommended?

NOVOCASTRIAN.—(1) Yes. (2) Yes, if you will substitute "good speculative" for "safe" purchase. Hold both Barnato Banks and Associated Gold-Mines, but, if you have a good profit, take part of it in either case. The latter concern is a good one, but there were a considerable number of people we do not like mixed up with its promotion. Hannan's Oroya or Corsair Consolidated, in answer to your last question.

JUNIUS.—(1) We should wait for the report, which we are told is to be first-rate. (2) Hold your Burbanks, as you would not get a reasonable profit yet. (3) We think very well of it. It comes from the Great Boulder "crowd," capital, £120,000. Mr. George Gray is consulting engineer. We do not act as brokers, but, if you wish, we will, in compliance with Rule 5, furnish you with the name of a trustworthy firm.

NEOPHYTE.—(1) The only objection to the company is that it has been so successful that competitors are springing up at every street-corner. Its patents may be neglected, for their running-out will not make any difference. (2) See this week's "Notes." (3) Patents have very little to do with Humber's success; it is reputation for always supplying a good article which enables the company to command a high price, in the same way as Ely, Bass, Guinness, Pears, and a host of others.

SUBSCRIBER.—The office may be all right, but we should not care to risk it when there are so many absolutely secure in which you can insure.

J. H. B.—We wrote to you on Feb. 22.

CENTRAL.—We have no more information than is to be found in the company's report, but we are satisfied that the prospects are very good, and the railway will pay when made, which, it appears, is now certain.

CYCLE.—See this week's "Notes." We can add nothing. As a speculative purchase, Beeson Tyre Company are worth buying.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth.